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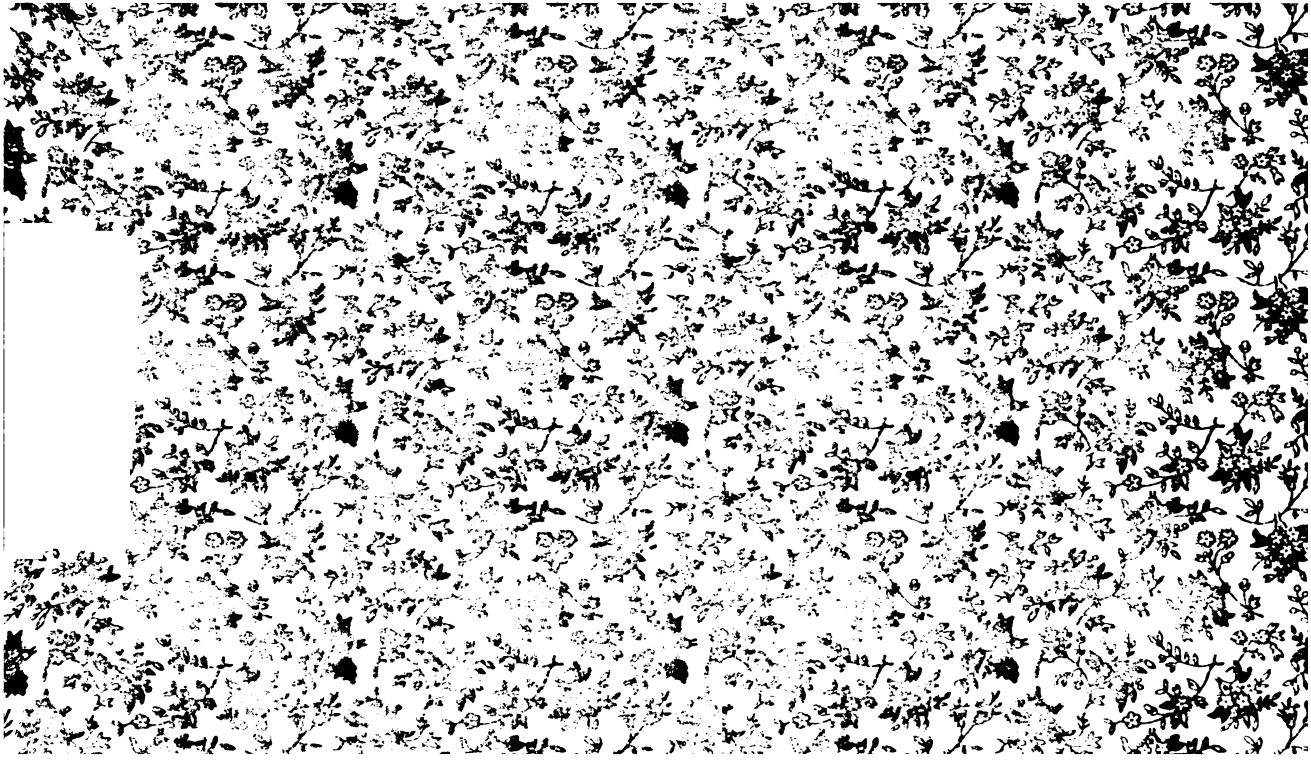
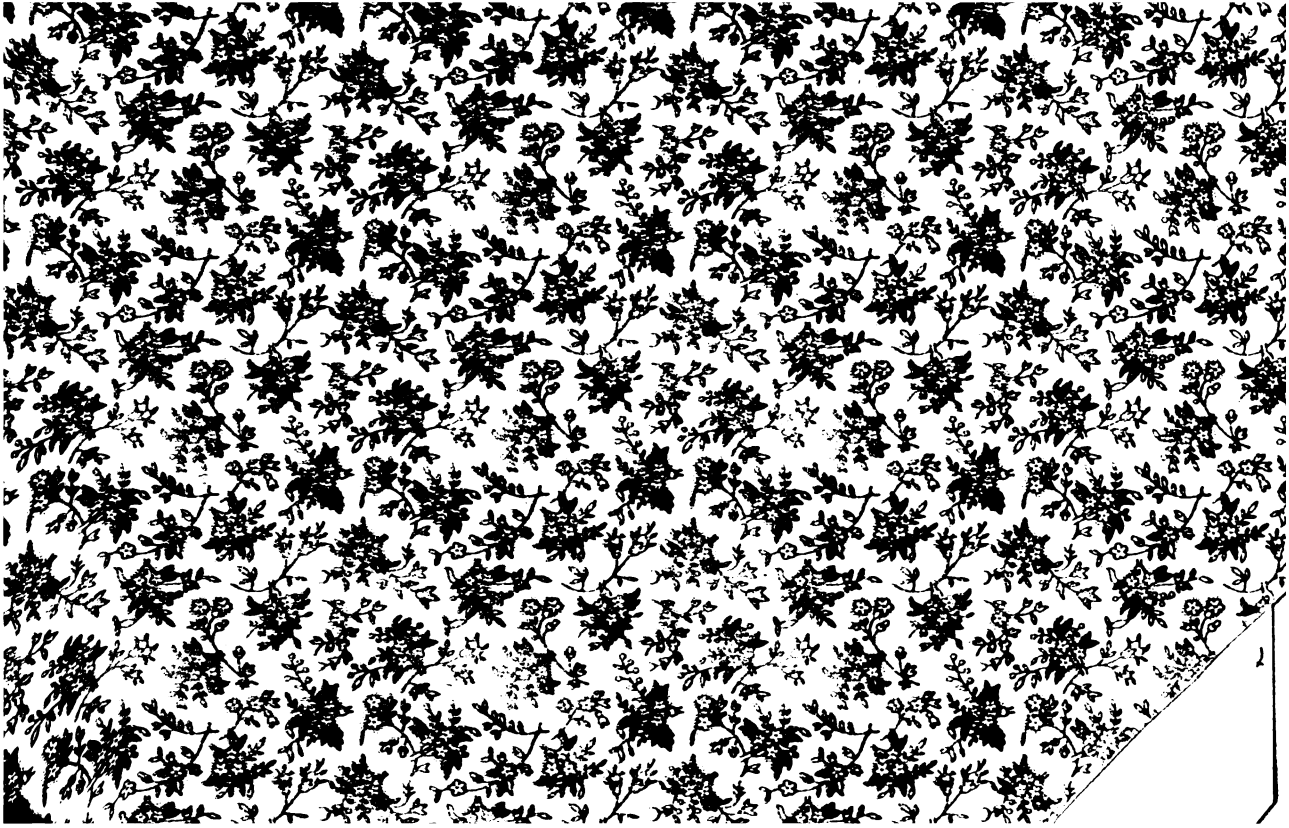
'Twixt Heather and Wattle

Poems
By

Joan Torrance





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Poems

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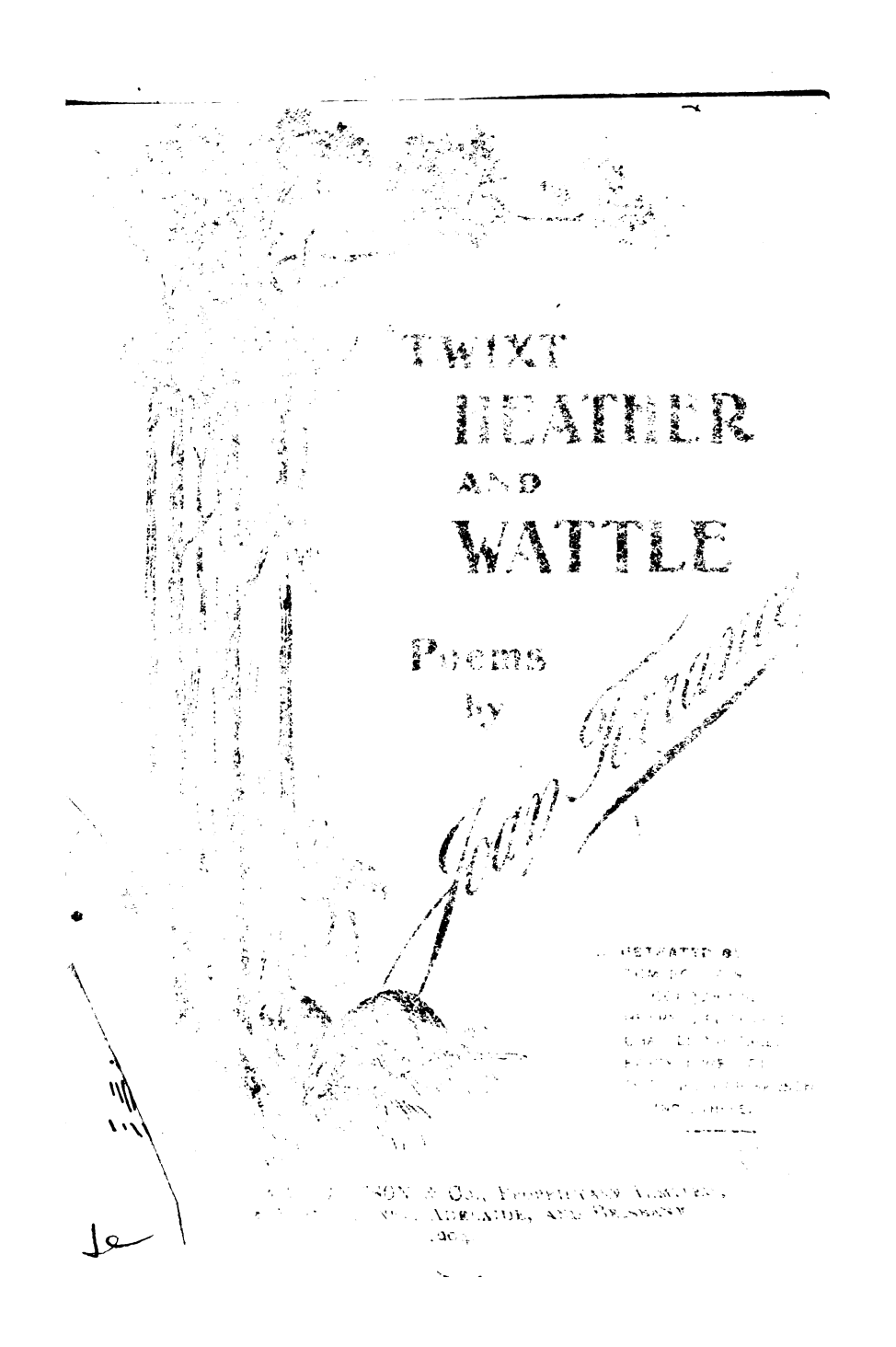

Joan Ferrand

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'TWIXT HEATHER AND WATTLE

Poems by Joan Torrance

ILLUSTRATED BY
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PART I.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER.

I PASS through an open west doorway
To gaze on a storm-stricken sky,
Where purple, and orange, and silver,
Commingle, disperse, change, and die.

Where cloud-shapes, fantastical surging,
Depart on their mystical way,
And sunset's gold fleeces, converging,
Brighten up, the end of the day.

The masses of pinnacled vapour,
Tossed high into the roseate glare,
Make mountains of Tyrian colour
That float on an ocean of air.

When light turns from amber to ashes,
Sweet visions unfold to mine eye,
A legend of fire forms with flashes
Dim spaces of star-spangled sky.

Heav'n's portal of pearl flying open
Discloses an angel of light—
A loved one who left me heart-broken
When touched by pale Death in his flight.

She stands in the sheen of a rainbow
That clasps with its arch the globe's girth,
And looks as her fair form would fain go
To join my sad spirit on earth.

Her eyes swim with pearl drops of pity,
  Her voice speaks—the voice of one dead—
"I wait you in God's golden city,
  "Duty finds its reward," she said.

The message dies quite out on the breeze,
  The angel fades out of the sky,
The gold like and those colours that please
  Have fled like a flash of the eye.

The sight has rekindled a rapture,
  Unfelt since the dear distant days,
When childhood's small world felt her capture
  Its heart with sweet sisterly ways.

OUR ANCIENTS.

An Ode to the Pioneers of Victoria.

Anniversary Day.

The Invocation.

Awake! Australia, 'wake!—Arise and sing,
The golden gifts your fearless fathers bring;
Peal joy bells! Peal! With lusty voices raise
Resounding pæans in our Founders' praise!
Let the glad anthem thunder through the sky
That tells of men who dared to do or die!
Brave pioneers! Our sires! We come to pay
A lowly tribute at thy shrine to-day.

FROM A PAINTING BY THEO. BROOKE HANSEN.

BURNT OUT.

They fought the dusk savage,
The season of drought,
The bush fire's black ravage,
That burnt their homes out.

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The Question.

What recked ye when ye scanned this distant coast,
When plain and forest held their savage host?
Nor toil nor danger stayed! Ye wrought that we
Might live in peace, Lords of the Southern sea.
Say—was it that ambition's lofty ray
Lit up your path, and led the glorious way?
Or, was it, that some soft mysterious dream
Of future greatness made your arm supreme?
Saw with prophetic eye a city grow
Where winds the gnarled gums, and wattles blow—
Pile to the skies Trade's storied halls—and see
Its teeming ways, its hum, its revelry?

The Answer.

The brave hearts are silent,
The wan lips are cold,
Yet deeds speak the answer
No tomb shall unfold.

But are there no ancients
That linger on still?
O dwindled their numbers,
And low down life's hill?

These grey beards and feeble
Survive of the band,
Whose stock-whips and axes
First conquered the land.

The herds lowed before them,
The flocks bleat behind;
Through plain and through forest
They planted and mined.

They tought the dusk savage,
The season of drought,
The bush fire's black ravage,
That burnt their homes out.

But plain is the story
These pioneers tell ;
Naught recked they of glory
Those days when they fell.

A LITANY.

Soon must the silence of eternal night
Place pale Death's signet on those brows of might ;
Then—while we may—with hushed and reverent mien,
O let us greet such heroes of this scene,
As still await that Reaper's busy blade,
Whose cruel arm no mortal may evade.

The Benediction.

Eventide ! Be thou peaceful !
Troubled Bar ! Be thou still !
Holy Pilot ! Cross with them !
Jesu ! Guard them from ill !

TWILIGHT.

In the mystic hour I hear you singing
The dear love songs, in your own sweet way,
While the shadows here and there are flitting,—
The soft attendants of twilight gray.

DRAWN BY HARRY J. WESTON. Page 4.

TWILIGHT.

In the mystic hour I hear you singing
The dear love songs, in your own sweet way

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Through ivied casement the winds steal softly,
Perfumed with roses and mignonette,
And I sit in stillness, musing sadly—
Will she remember? Will she forget?

Darling, the dreams of my youth have faded;
You do not forget, I truly know;
The twilight hour is my hour of gladness,
It brings back memories of long ago.

I can hear your voice, and can see your hands
Tremble, while touching notes with power,
My thoughts have strayed to ethereal lands,
Where they say, there comes no twilight hour.

There a maiden is watching and waiting,
Her hands hold roses and mignonette,
And I long for that eternal dawning
Where all will remember—none forget.

LULLED BY THE COOL CREEK'S CRYSTAL FLOW.

When smiles our sky of peerless blue
On waving leaf, on budding gold,
When winds sigh softly through the trees,
Whisp'ring the blossoms to unfold.
Counting the hours we watch and wait,
"Sweet Spring," we cry, "Unbar your gate!"
Then, by the cool creek's crystal flow,
We'll sit and dream of long ago.

In thought we tread the well-known glade
  That winds 'twixt trunks grey, tall, and bare,
Beneath the tree-ferns' spreading shade
  We breathe the soft blue misty air ;
The birds' sweet songs ring loud and clear—
Love is the message, ever dear !
  As by the cool creek's crystal flow
  We sit and dream of long ago.

No song of faded loves they sing,
  Or cherished hopes put sadly by,
Only of first fond loves that cling
  Where cloudless shines the heart's bright sky,
Where hand seeks hand, sought oft before,
Where heart claims heart for evermore—
  So sang those birds in days of yore,
  Lulled by the cool creek's crystal flow
  We sit and dream of long ago.

THE BUSHMAN'S LOT.

STILL was the lyre o'er Austral land—
Mute, waiting for a master hand
  To touch its trembling strings !
When, down the wind a note is heard
Whose homely theme each soul has stirred ;
Its music mocks the morning bird,
  The bushman's lot it sings.

DRAWN BY A. COLQUHOUN.

THE BUSHMAN'S LOT.

He sees old skies of cloudless blue.—
Memory's rent veil old mates peep through.

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And listening to the stirring song
The aged drover's arm grows strong,
His stockwhip rings once more,
He sees old skies of cloudless blue,—
Memory's rent veil old mates peep through,—
Dearest of all—the hearth he knew
In happy days of yore!

The swagsman as the day grows dim
Is cheered that one should think of him,
Feels dormant courage wake!
And with the rosy flush of dawn,
No longer feeble, faint, forlorn,
Shoulders his swag, old, soiled, and worn,
A brighter start to make.

The shepherd as he hears the lay
Is borne on fancy's wing away;
He tends a flock long dead.
Stretched by the camp-fire's ruddy glow,
The ash within his pipe burns low,
And dreams—sweet dreams of long ago—
Have bowed his snowy head.

WELCOME.

TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN.

[ON THEIR FIRST ARRIVAL, NOV. 28TH., 1889.]

SCOTLAND'S frien's are left ahint ye,
Scotia's hame is far awa',
And a welcome we wad gie yie,
Earl and Countess, ane and a'.

Ye'll find southern hearts richt loyal,
And their frien'ship leal and true;
May the greatest Frien' o' a' frien's
Cast His holy cloak o'er you.

May His blessing rest upon ye,
And His richt arm lead ye through,
In the governin' o' this people,
In the work ye hae to do.

Yet the Auld Land, may be, sometimes,
Will creep out and dim the New,
And her banks and braes sae bonnie
Gently steal upon your view.

But the bright skies o' Australia
Will dispel the thochts o' hame;
'Tis the land whaur lies your duty,
And a Scotchman loe's the same.

Health and love be showered upon you,
And on a' who bear your name;
May your laurels be the rarest,
Coupled with the crown of fame.

MEMORIES.

I will pillow my head on waving grass,
And will rest 'neath the kindly shade
Of the stately trees that my soul may pass
Down the avenue years have made;
To linger my love, where we met of old,
When the day closed, in clouds of gold!

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. Page 8.

MEMORIES.

The harvest moon glows all red to its rim,
And tips every object with light.

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The gloom of the forest is fading fast,
Grey shadows creep over the plain,
The magpie's quaint notes are silent at last,
And slumber commences her reign.
Then night puts on with her soft dewy hand
Her liquid gems from fairy land.

The songsters have ended their evening hymn
Heaven's arch grows spangled and bright,
The harvest moon glows all red to its rim,
And tips every object with light ;
And the rustle of leaves fanned by the air
Calls back the sweet moments spent there.

Once more you are crossing the dell to me
With your movement of dainty grace,
Your red lips are parted in girlish glee,
Brown curls adorn your sweet young face,
And your eyes are bright with love's hallow'd light
As you reach me in thought, to-night.

Too few were the days of thy golden spring,
Too soon came the Reaper for thee :
Earth's loveli'st flow'r—now a heav'nly dower ;
And thus it has happened to thee ;
Transplanted by fate to paradise gate,
There watch and wait, dear one, for me.

WILLIAM GAY.

POET.

DIED DECEMBER, 1897.

REST! wearied one, rest!
Thy days of suffering and thy nights of pain have ceased,
Earth's fragile tenement dissolved—thy soul released!
Sweet solemn singer sometime—sacred minstrel now,
We place the poet's laurel leaves on thy white brow.
Accept our humble homage to thy verse, intense
With truth, and thoughts of beauty, such as soothe the sense;
From heaven thy spirit caught some sweet Elysian strain,
And wed its music grand to earth's low chords of pain!
Farewell! The "Great Divide" 'twixt Life and Death is pass'd,
Thy gracious songs are set to golden strings at last!

HOBSON—SANTIAGO.

1898.

OLD courage burns! Old glory takes!
The stars and stripes the wide world wakes
To watch the brave undaunted fleet
That made brave Hobson's work complete!
And chivalry is there, sublime!
That even conquers Old World time,
At the port of Santiago!

AUTUMN.

Out of the mellow sunset sky ripe Autumn's angel came,
For she, from high, heard nature cry, out of the clouds, her name
"Spent Summer dies," she quick replies, bids the long days farewell,
Then flings away, her veil so gay, to touch with seeming spell,
Great mother Earth, who gave all birth, stoops low to kiss her breast,
Creating new, 'twixt sun and dew, a gold and russet vest.

On dapple dawn, of early morn, she floateth far and wide,
Skies shine serene, as Autumn's queen, reins zephyrs for her guide
To regions where, the scented air, proclaims her vast domain
Of leaf and flower, and fruitful bower, and fields of glowing grain;
Broad seat of gold—full field and fold—who fills that regal chair
Like Autumn's queen, of sunlit eyne, and rippling auburn hair!

On winged car, she drives afar, pausing the sheaves to smite
With rainbow hand, that paints the land, red gold and lustred white;
Behold her drawn, down verdant lawn, to where the sedgy bank
Winds through the trees, that fringe the leas, with leafage dark and rank,
Where briar-rose, the stems enclose, where creepers interlace,
She seeks the shade, a nut-brown maid, to cool her burning face.

Day after day, she wends her way, full armed with fragrant loot
Of wheat and grain, from wide champaign, wine, oil, and luscious fruit,
Till fields grow bare, 'neath scythe and share, while bursting sheaf and stack
Proclaim amain, "Increase and gain, follow our lady's track!"
Now is she done! her reign is run! she hands to winter's care
The earth to rest, ere ploughed and dressed, then turns to viewless air!

THE SILVER WATTLE.

O'ER tender fringèd silver leaves
July's chill wind in anger swept,
Upon the golden bursting blooms
The soft sad rain in pity wept.

Thou art sweet Nature's harbinger;
A sun god in the days of old
On thy bare branches shed a tear,
Which blossomed into tufts of gold.

And as he lingered, fain to go,
He cast another silver ray,
Then breathed on all a fragrance sweet
That nearly kissed the leaves away.

ERIC MACKAY.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST."

LOVE'S mortal minstrel thou! Lord of a magic lute!
Bright wingéd Music now mourneth her mate is mute.
Beethoven's was the spell. His spirit's glamour threw
Radiance of paradise over "Love-lost-but true"!
Voice from the viewless void! Master of many strings
Who breathed o'er poet-joyed visions of fairy things;
Smiled on his trembling theme, strengthened his cunning hand,
Till, in a singing dream Beauty enchain'd the land,
Swelling organ-blast anthems of audacity,
Telling of loves that last, true life, veracity,
Courage and honour's plight: Singing in solemn lay
Death—imagined by blind Night, Life by the laughing Day!
Adieu! O lyric king! "In lands beyond the sun"
There is thy Muse's Spring! Thy true joy has begun!

EASTER-TIDE.

A FATAL spell holds fast the sleeping land!
Christian and pagan—sitting side by side—
Guard a new sepulchre. See thence a band,
Wing'd and white robed, in ghostly silence glide

Bearing o'er cross-crowned Calvary's cruel stones
A radiant figure, that their outstretched hands
Uphold with loving care, while Nature moans
And hides 'neath earthquake darkness all her lands.

Whose is that sacred Figure—He who now
Mounts to the sky with angels for His guide?
We read His story on His bleeding brow—
In cruel wounds on hands, and feet, and side.

His shining convoy pass the pearly gate—
God's harpers hail Him with triumphant strain,
Whilst songs of cherubim reach where so late
His hallowed head was bowed in grief and pain.

Where, what was mortal—laid in samite shroud,
Cold, white, and silent—heard the trumpet's breath,
That woke the sleeper with its pealing loud.
He rolled the boulder from the cave of death.

When angel hands closed fast the watcher's eye,
Spreading the cere-cloths where our Saviour lay,
Creation shook, knowing that Death must die
With the first dawn of Resurrection day.

ONLY A NAME.

I BREATHED a name awhile ago
By slip rails red with after glow,
The breeze repeats the cherished name;
I hear it in the leafy lane;
While flowers sleep, and ferns adream
Wake as it's babbled by the stream.

I catch it in each warbler's song,
And twilight, as she steals along,
Whispers the word as o'er the view
Her grey edged cloak she gently drew;
She sings her vespers on her way.
Train-bearer to departing day.

DRAWN BY HARRY J. WESTON. Page 14.

ONLY A NAME.

I breathed a name awhile ago
By slip rails red with after glow.

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The pale chaste Queen that rules the night
With face of cold pure pearly light,
Now rides full orbed on silver cars
Midst cavalcades of jewelled stars ;
These shine with sympathetic flame
As night-winds carry up the name.

And yet its home is my poor heart,
Nor can it live from me apart,
Like as the dove to its dear nest,
Like tired hunter to his rest,
My breast its magnet and its goal ;
Its crystal casket is my soul !

BABBIE.

[Dedicated to Miss Maggie Stirling]

We ken there's a shadow ow'r yer kind hearts, Babbie ;
'Tis that she is sleeping ye baith lo'ed sae weel ;
The Puir Dominie by the hearthstane greets sadly,
Ow'r his life's great sorrow wha nane else can feel.
He tells his story tae a blythe winsome lassie,
Wha harkens an' wonders, but gaes him far mair
Then a' thae grand books he hath pondered sae aften,
She comforts a heart that is weary an' sair.

Refrain—

Keep the rowan berries 'mid yer dark locks, Babbie,
Tell the bonnie bairnie ye are some ane else.
Kiss the Little Minister nae jist sae sadly ;
Didna Mither Nature mak' ye a' hersel' ?

Auld Time has been gentle, an' kiss'd ye sae saftlie—
There's some threads of snaw in y'r black wavy hair,
But, the same winning smile, the keen sparkling glances,
As when honest Rab ca'ed ye limmer richt rare.

Ye gane tae kirk on Sabbath sae douce an' wif' like,
Clinging tae Gavin as in sweet spring weather
Ye talk nae the auld licht—in y'r eyne burn love licht
Born in Caddam, whaur ye were lost thegether.

Keep the rowan, etc.

O D E.

TO THE ANTARTIC EXPLORING SHIP "SOUTHERN CROSS,"
ON HER SAILING SOUTH,
UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINCK,
NOVEMBER, 1898.

ALL hail! "Waes hael!" Most gallant ship! hail to our Southern Sea,
Ice fighters bold, from Arctic cold, we honour such as thee!
The golden seal surmounts thy prow, to typify thy past,
And Britain's blood-red banneret flies from thy bending mast.
Brief be thy rest, as Austral guest, blow soon each favouring breeze,
Waft, swiftly waft this oak-bowed craft, down to the unknown seas;
Give passage, gates of thick ribbed ice! Smile on the vent'rous plan
To forward learning's lofty cause, the quest of daring man!

CADDAM WOOD. Page 16.

BABBIE.

Born in Caddam wood, whaur ye were lost thegether.

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Draped in pale Nature's priestly garb, vast silent
regions sleep,
All through the long dark winter night, till Sol's pale
day-beams peep
On pinnacles and peaks of ice, which pierce the jewelled
sky—
On mounts whose fire-lit fronts of snow, the furious
gales defy.
The hardy men who tread thy deck, are pledged to
do or die,
Beneath the far-off Southern Cross, swung in the
midnight sky—
To scale the ice-cliff's opal wall—the creeping glacier's
stair—
To cross the crevassed plateau-plain, to plant their
ensign—where?
Earth on her monstrous axle turns—the planet's
mystic pole,
The cynosure of traveller's eyes—the seamen's crystal
goal;
Go forth and conquer, Hearts of Oak! Annex new
realms from space!
For credit of your sailor-selves!—For glory of your
Race!

FEDERATE.

[WRITTEN FOR CENTENNIAL DAY, 1899.]

WHERE clouds wrap round the mountain crest
With fleeces free!
Where eagles build the dizzy nest
Stand thou with me!
See broadcast spread with liberal hand
The treasures of a virgin land,
From mountain peak to yellow strand
Of shimmering sea!

Ten thousand tiny sparkling rills,
With rainbows bright,
Leap from rock cornices and sills
Athwart the light;
In noisy jets they downward stray
Splashing like children at their play,
Happy and careless as the day,
And then—unite.

Gathered within one mountain pool
Of chrysolite,
They illustrate wise Nature's rule—
In union might;
Once joined, they wend their wanton way
Through smiling mead and forest gay
Gaining a strength that seems to say
Unite! Unite!

Peer now beneath that lowland haze
Of pearly hue,
Where streams belace the greenwood maze,
Conveying to
The swelling bosom of one tide
The harvests of a countryside
To cheer the toilers who are tied
To street and stew.

Who saw a river in that rill
Swift downward shot?
Yet driblets Amazons do fill,
Drop joined to drop!
Mere numbers yield but ropes of sand,
Union alone can strain withstand,
So let each give his separate strand
To Federal knot!

DRAWN BY A. COLQUHOUN. Page 19.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

We ride with you, we see with you,
The mountains clad in morning light

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Then lift the flag and raise the lay,
For union fight!
See Young Australia win the day—
Her cause is right
Victoria holds out sister's hand!
Who'll grasp it first of all the band?
With one clasp more for motherland!
Britons Unite!

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

Oh! Gordon though not all our own,
Did not our skies so blue and fair
Make your sad soul break forth in song,
And lay your suff'ring heart-strings bare?

So deftly did you weave your verse,
The visions gleam upon our sight;
We ride with you, we see with you
The mountains clad in morning light.

The wattle's whisp'rings we can hear
As neath the fragrant shade you lay,
And yielded in that spell-bound hour
To nature and her mystic sway.

The wild bird's song, the jay's weird call,
Were music to your weary brain,
And oft you stood in rapture lost,
To hear the songster sing again.

We can but kneel beside a grave,
The dumb earth cannot hear our call,
Strange echoes o'er the hill-side steal,
And whisper "This is part, not all."

CALVARY.

WITH painful step and slow—
With lab'ring breast,
We see Him toiling go
Up Calv'ry's crest,
Till faint, and worn, and done,
'Neath scourge and swelt'ring sun,
The tired cross-laden One
Prays God for rest.

Stretched on the Roman tree—
Raised to the sky,
Sweating in agony,
List to His cry!
"Father in heaven forgive,
"Let these poor sinners live,
"My soul safe passage give,
"When life shall fly!"

Shamed by that awful sight
The daylight dies,
Turning to livid night
Earth's crimson skies;
Loud pealing thunders make
Mountain and valley quake,
Till thrones and temples shake
In dread surprise.

Veil'd by the shades of eve
From hostile eyes,
Some loving hands relieve
His cruel ties,
Then in fair linen sheet,
Fragrant with spices sweet,
In Joseph's rock-hewn seat,
At peace He lies!

Ere the grey light of dawn,
Archangels bright
Wake with harp-string and horn
The starry night;
Hark how the anthems ring:
"Great is the risen King;
"He conquered Death," they sing,
"In mortal fight."

"Peace now 'twixt God and man,
"Goodwill on earth!
"Never since time began,
"Or life had birth,
"Were such glad tidings spread
"From the great throne o'erhead,
"Blessing both quick and dead
"Through our Lord's worth."

HOME.

A Reverie.

From out the sea fantastic forms arise,
Staining with misty murk the western skies;
The moon has rent her veil of vestal white
To pour on dancing waves a path of light.

While the dark waters woo the silv'ry rays,
Sad night winds vigil keep round slumb'ring bays,
Whose depths are star-lit, whence some syren-strain
Steals on my ears and leads me home again.

Back through a weary past I go with thee—
Thou silent secret friend—sweet Memory—
To watch the waves that wash an old-world shore,
With pulse whose measured beat my heart makes sore.

Across the sea a stately ship sails back,
While white winged seagulls circle in her track,
Loved is the voice that greets my straining ear,
O'er anchor splash and seaman's rousing cheer.

I see the sun on rocky Corswell set,
Land, sea, and sky in golden glory met;
Its breakers leap to kiss the bending broom,
Or, sleeping, mirror-back branch, leaf, and bloom.

Behold the perfumed hedge with May-flower decked,
The field's green carpet, buttercupped and flecked,
The breezy hill—the burn with primrose sweet,
The winding ways he led my childish feet.

Grey moss-grown houses crown the curving strand,
A jetty seaward thrusts its sheltering hand,
Half mended fish-nets flutter in the breeze,
Brown for the briny work of Scotia's seas.

Fishwives have clustered 'neath the pier-head light,
To watch the dipping sails in homeward flight,
White-breasted swallows skimming over seas,
Whose curling crests denote the strength'ning breeze.

The glow has faded from the ruddy west ;
The blustering winds have sobbed themselves to rest.
Night sits with raven wing on land and sea ;
The silence of repose holds street and quay.

Now lads and lassies seek the hard-ribbed sand,
Where swirling waters chase them back to land ;
Song and sweet laughter mark the merry crew
That careless wander down the slopes I knew.

In twinkling rows, lights star the gathering gloom,
Where the pale weavers ply the clatt'ring loom ;
Each door soon seats a toiler with his "clay,"
Closing, with friendly chat, the worker's day.

Hard by's the sacred spot I left heart-sore—
The house, the plot, the gate, the shelly shore ;
But where, ah ! Where, are they who made that home—
The arms that held me e'er I learnt to roam ?

How changed the scene—unaltered tho' the view—
When strangers fill the place my feet once knew ;
The loved ones gone—some scattered, some at rest—
The soul has fled that made its shadow blest.

THE OLD YEAR.

OLD year with brow of driven snow,
The pale stars wait to see thee go ;
They light thy wan and weary face,
The tott'ring steps that close thy race ;
They light thy road to 'ternity,
Through the cloud caves of western sea.

Through spreading leaves, o'er smiling flow'rs,
Memorials of a dead year's hours,
The wand'ring winds, soft requiems sing,
Holy repose to shriven king.
Sleep ! monarch ! Thou has earned thy rest
With thy gathered days in the west.

Hope's fire lit-up thy youthful eye ;
Thy riper aims were true and high !
Where is that hope—those aims to-day ?
All dead as dust, and cold as clay !
Hark ! What call wakes earth's eastern gate ?
'Tis New Year, born on wingéd fate !

NANNIE.

"TAE puir-house, Nannie, come awa',
"There's hame an 'claes baith there,
"The winter's cauld, yer getting auld,
"Come, dinna greet sae sair."

Thae doctor paused, his heart was full,
A tear crept down his cheek—
I kent her when a bonnie lass,
"O Gavin, ye maun speak !"

"Have faith, dear Nannie," Gavin said,
"Now kneel wi' me in prayer :
"Creator, smile upon the ane
"Whae's bowed in great despair."

"She's leaving juist a wee mud hoose
"In her auld een sae fair,
"She mourneth all the paths of youth
"Whar she can gang nae mair."

"Send her the angel whae is Peace,
"Pour on her soul the licht."
Her trem'ling voice made answer low—
"O Gracious Lord, ye micht!"

"I dinna like the puir-house, Lord,
"And Saunders is away,
"O mither, ye n'er kent that this
"Yer ain bairn wad befae."

"Guid doctor, tak' the high-made road
"Whar speerers canna see,
"Thae'll jouk their heads ower ae the dykes,
"Tae hae a look at me."

A woman in the doorway stands,
And asks in righteous scorn:
"Is this the messenger of Peace
"To soothe a shrinking form?"

A wild cry bursts from Nannie's lips,
An answer, Lord, tae me—
"'Tis Babbie's arms and Babbie's words
"That made auld Nannie free."

THE FOUNDERING OF THE QUEENIE.

2nd April, 1899.

See the storm rack rides on the western gale,
With its leaping wave and its biting hail,
While with bending mast, and a buried lee,
The yacht "Queenie" sinks in the hungry sea.

So the men stand dumb, while the women weep
For the loved ones lost on the treacherous deep,
For the father crowned with the frost of years,
For the stalwart sons on their timeless biers.

For the lover snatch'd from the girlish breast,
While the roof still rings with his laugh and jest!
They sleep in peace in a field by the sea,
With blue-bell and clover for company.

God grant at that hour 'ere life's sands had run,
Or the breath was spent, or the brain grew numb.
That they heard His voice on that stormy sea,
Call: "Peace, be still"—as on dark Galilee.

That the glazing eye caught the glistening light
Of a crownéd form in a vesture white,
That walked there alone on the foaming sea
With His arm outstretchéd to rescue thee!

THE RECONCILIATION.

Do the birds now sing more sweetly,
Does the earth now look more fair,
To the lovers who are ling'ring
In the shadows over there?

Hush! The trees have heard their whispers;
And forgiv'ness freely given,
Makes the spot itself grow holy,
Ere 'tis wafted up to heav'n.

'Tis a glimpse of Eden's raptures,
'Tis a taste of Eden's bliss,
When our bitter thoughts love captures
By a touch, and with a kiss!

FROM THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY TOM ROBERTS. Page 26.

THE RECONCILIATION.

'Tis a glimpse of Eden's raptures,
'Tis a taste of Eden's bliss.

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FORGIVEN.

I STAND alone by the sea to-night,
I list to its ebb and flow.
The dream of my life comes back again,
That died in the long ago;
Ye mystic shadows upon the sea
Oh! give back my love to me?

As I hold the soft white hands again,
The hands that were sometime mine,
The cruel years with their pain and tears
Dissolve in the mists of time;
Ye troubled waves of life's stormy sea
Oh! bring back my love to me?

Dear shadowy vision, leave me not—
You are fading even now;
O! Say that my love was not forgot—
You pardon my broken vow;
E'en the cruel sea can pity thee,
My love, do as much for me?

In my bright spring-time I loved thee well,
I loved thee the summer through
Till the autumn; but the winter wild
Had chilled a heart once true,
The sea still sobs that it had to be
Killed by love's inconstancy.

I see a look in thy phantom eye,
A smile on thy spirit face
That says, "In paradise I'll be thine:"
That penitence findeth grace,
Though you melt from the mist of the sea,
We shall meet in eternity.

HIM ONLY.

No other eyes are half so kind,
  No other voice sounds half so sweet,
No other hands like his I find;
  And when beneath the moon we meet,

I see but one fond radiant face,
  I only know that he is near,
Though flooding music fills the place,
  'Tis his low voice alone I hear.

The morn of spring has come to stay,
  All darkness and all doubts have fled;
The cold bleak night has passed away,
  And love's own light reigns in its stead.

He is my king and guiding star!
  And in the days that are to be,
Hand clasped in hand we'll cross the bar,
  Beyond which lies eternity.

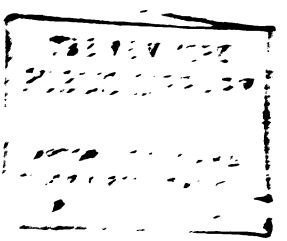
TRUE TILL DEATH.

Fond love of my youth! how well I remember
  Our trysts by the brook, and our walks by the sea:
Thy touch thrilled my heart, thy voice ever tender
  Comes back on the wings of my mem'ry to me!

DRAWN BY HENRY J. RECKNELL. Page 27.

FORGIVEN.

Dear shadowy vision, leave me not—
You are fading even now.



Hills decked with primrose, and fields gay with gowan,
Are the dreams of the past kept greener by pain;
The old hallowed way so ruddy with rowan
Recalls to my heart my lost loved one again.

Hard fate thrust apart two loves intertwinéd,
Unseen by the eye was the parting of ways,
No thought of farewell had our peace undermin'd,
We talked of a tie that would last out our days!

But t'was not to be—too soon wert thou sleeping—
A sleep nought can wake till the trump calls away;
Salt tears are my lot until death comes reaping,
And adds my ripe grain to his garner one day.

ALONE!

HARK! the rain is softly falling,
And its cadence, hush'd and low,
Wakens some strange sense within me—
Lifts the veil from long ago!

I am sitting in the moonlight,
Sitting by my mother dear,
And I hear her accents gentle,
Say: "Dost thou the future fear?"

"For to-morrow's sun shall see thee
"Calling her thy love—thy life,"
Sweet words that gave great joy to me,
Mother's blessing on my wife.

I can see a white-robed figure
Standing at an altar now,
Hear a voice so sweetly tender
Take the solemn marriage vow.

So she gave herself for ever,
And I turned to fondly gaze
In her hazel eyes so tender,
Love-lit through the veil's thin haze.

* * * *

Where to day are wife or mother?
Gone! And I alone remain,
In the even of my life-time,
Listening to the falling rain.

YOUTH AND AGE.

In youth fame's face is fairest,
  Its touch in childhood's hours
Has magic in its fingers,
  But age hath clipped its powers!

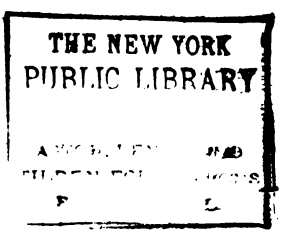
Ambitions' halls, once spacious,
  Have crumbled into clay,
And voices once all gracious
  Are cold and hard to-day.

Love came, and while he lingered
  I strove to sing his song,
But every note was faulty,
  Each chord I struck was wrong!

DRAWN BY HENRY J. RECKNELL. Page 30.

THE OLD LANE.

We met where the white gate's pale panels
Cast bars of black shade on the sand.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Now hope's sweet face is smiling,
As by my side again,
She's constantly abiding,
To close the doors of pain.

THE OLD LANE.

THE moon turns the lane into silver,
The star-clusters twinkle and gleam,
Eyes watch for a form on the pathway
That crosses the shadow-flecked green.

The night-winds are hushed into silence—
So still, I can stir with a sigh
The leaves on the low-bending branches,
Seem each one to whisper good-bye!

We met where the white gate's pale panels
Cast bars of black shade on the sand,
And few were the words of our greeting,
Though warm was the clasp of the hand.

For sorrow's keen blast had swept o'er us,
And lengthened the lines of each face;
We felt that the future before us,
Had fated a final embrace!

And now, when I enter that gateway
Lit up by the mystical moon,
My heart aches with passionate anguish,
That knows no relief but the tomb.

THE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

The morning sun lit up the ranges,
The meadows slept 'neath misty veils,
The magpie's note with ringing changes
Awoke the drowsy hills and dales.

I heard the tramp of running horses,
I caught the click of sliprails too,
The dogs, with joy, ran circling courses,
Now here, now there, thro' glitt'ring dew.

The steeds are soon brought saddled ready,
They snort, and stamp, and paw the ground;
There's Peg, with plaited mane, so steady,
And Rob, that shies at every sound.

We mount, and start, with "good-bye" cheery,
Tho' roads are long, the morning's young,
We draw no rein, nor feel we weary
Till eve 's shades are eastward flung.

We cross the creek where golden wattle
Drops feath'ry tufts on water clear,
We scale the rise where sleepy cattle
Lift up their heads as we draw near.

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. Page 34.

THE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

Beyond the crest in hollow lying,
We pass grey huts and plots of green ;
We hear the hiss of mill-saws flying,
With rhythmic puff of lab'ring steam.

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We pass the bridge, and skirt the clearing,
Green fringed for miles and miles ahead,
And softly, songs of birds come cheering,
That morn of life ere youth had fled.

The mountain path displays its wonders,
Its ledges long—gaps deep and wide,
The log beneath soft mosses slumbers,
And crimson creepers lace its side.

By dizzy edge we shrinking linger,
The ravine lies, stretched blue below,
There tendrils wrap the withered timber,
And scented musks, 'round saplings grow.

The lofty gums toss ancient branches,
That strew their leaves on glades of green,
They nodding dream of dark romances
That their old shades had often seen.

The wind sings songs of savage lovers
That haunt their gloom when day is bright;
They hear the croon of dusky mothers,
When stillness crowns the brooding night.

Beyond the crest in hollow lying,
We pass grey huts and plots of green;
We hear the hiss of mill-saws flying,
With rythmic puff of lab'ring steam.

Bullock-teams, with timber loads, draw near,
Toiling through rutty ways to town;
The teamsters' shouts of "gee off," "come 'ere"
Make fretful heads toss up-and-down.

Tall, tanned and brawny men are sweating,
  Where logs are laid by sawdust bank;
Or tend where twirling teeth are tearing
  Through rosin-scented post and plank.

A homely inn: a kindly greeting;
  Two weary steeds led limp away;
A meal; a rest; a lover's meeting,
  Beneath the stars as skies grow gray.

* * * *

In forest shades I heard thy story—
  The tale to sweethearts ever new—
And 'neath that sky, star-lit with glory,
  I gave my girlish heart to you!

MEMORIAL LINES.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, 24TH JUNE, 1870.

THE autumn leaves are falling,
  The wattles sadly wave,
The winds are softly calling
  O'er Gordon's grassy grave.

His life's pellucid morning
  With clouds was soon o'er run;
He perished at the dawning
  Of fame's reluctant sun.

But many tear-drops glist'ning
  Reveal the mystic flame
That lights his songs; and, list'ning,
  We feel his touch again.

TO AUSTRALIA.

1788—1899.

JUNE 20th—ACCESSION AND REFERENDUM DAY.

THINE was the outer darkness of an empire's rim,
  By Britain's ancient fields thy breast was bare,
Long years thy people were but scattered handfuls, in
  The woody wastes that hemmed thy harbours fair.

Time spun with cunning hand thy fate in silken thread,
  The gods ordained to thee a mighty state,
From east to western coast thy restless settlers spread
  The flocks and herds and wheat that made thee great.

If busy folk whose roofs but dot thy vast domain,
  Who shape their ways uncurbed by masters' hands,
Forget in ease, the due that ties of blood can claim—
  Base alien hosts will plague their sep'rate lands.

If jealous fear, or narrow trade-born grudge and greed,
  Or party cry, or clash and strife of class
That wedge and split and spoil the rugged British
    breed,—
  If discord top the pole! God help the mass!

O may wise words prevail o'er hate and rivalry!
May hand in love clasp hand from sea to sea!
May faith and hope draw tight the bond fraternal free
And crown Australia's brow with Unity!

And may the day that saw our white-haired monarch crowned,
While yet this infant land was lightly held,
Be newly consecrate, and blessed, and high renowned
By Empire link on that day wrought and weld.

THE FIRST PARADE OF THE SCOTTISH REGIMENT.

28TH JUNE, 1899.

THE nicht's the nicht for clannish folk,
The Scot's braw regiment's noo nae jouk,
Wi' colours o' the forty twa,
The bonniest sicht ye ever saw!
Wi' jewell'd dirk, an' skene that's true,
They march like shades o' Roderick Dhu!

Langwarrin's camp saw tartan's twa
Wha girnd at Atkin's lauch an' jaw,
But stood their groun' as callants braw,
For Hieland men nor fash nor fa'!
When slogans sound aboon the breeze,
Where be the boys that march like these?

Wha' says ye're no a michty band?
We'll see ye sune in Kruger's land;
And once the Boers hear pipers' peal
They'll no wait lang to taste Scots' steel;
Ye'll shew all fren's that bonny day
The Hieland lads ha'e come to stay!

Shame! Sons of Scotia standing aff
In fear of idlers' windy chaff!
Roll up! Roll up!! wi' richt gude will,
And show ye lo'e Auld Reekie still!
Fill up the ranks! mak' nae delay—
To Afric's veldts ye're sune to gae!

AN AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.

WHERE sapphire rolls the Southern main,
There spreads Australia's parching plain,
Beneath clear star-lit skies.
Her breasts are hills of milk-white quartz,
The ruddy gold each vein distorts,
She strews where wand'ring stream disports
The grain that men most prize.

Where polar rain drops cold and keen,
Where monsoons with their tepid stream
Refresh the thirsty soil,
There nature with a garment sad
Of dreary evergreen has clad
Rough mountain range and champaign glad
The smiting sun to foil.

Land of the rush-fringed billabong,
Where scanty waters crawl along
The sultry, sandy scene!
To slake the juicy salt bush root,
To feed the wild heath's flaming shoot,
The fragrant musk, the stone-clad fruit,
The grass of short-lived green.

Where is thy bearded chief to day,
With ebon skin 'neath painted clay,
With cruel spear and shield?
Where have thy dusky warriors fled
From streams they loved, for which they bled,
From hunting ground, from bower, and bed,
From forest, swamp and field?

As flies the night before the sun,
As shades depart when day's begun,
As toil succeeds to sleep,
So now the busy white has come,
The failing blacks' rude reign has run,
His task is o'er, his day is done,
Unmarked his burial heap!

More richly blended streams of life,
The over-flow of old world strife
In Europe's crowded mart,
Have reached this virgin Austral strand
From British, Teuton, Latin land;
Its red wine strengthens head and hand,
And nerves each feeble heart!

What is the magic that restrains
These alien folk with fairy chains,
That fuses Goths and Franks?
The solder for the racial rift
In Britain's Talismanic gift
Of Freedom in the storm and shift
That stirs the settlers' ranks!

Free life, free thought, free deed, free cause,
Home rule that shapes the local laws,
And Courts from favor free!
A sunny clime and room for each,
Where every alien may dare clasp
The lot that lies within his grasp
Of health and energy!

What glories gild the morning sky
Of Austral's fed'rate destiny
'Neath George's blood red cross!
In far off hold, in Castle keep,
We stand with her who rules the deep,
World-wardens we will never sleep,
But guard our hearths from loss!

Ours is the Empire of the Earth!
Ours is the tongue of globèd girth;
Rome's peace our golden dower!
O may we use our strength aright
Nor ever feign that might is right,
Keep honour's shield unstainèd bright,
While wisdom guides our power.

VICTORY.

REFERENDUM DAY. 27TH JULY, 1899. FEDERATION.

THE MORNING AFTER THE VOTE.

WHY seems the morn so fair to-day?
The sunbeams why so bright?
Why thrills the warbler's early lay?
What makes the soul so light?

Is it a sense of duty done
That fills the heart with glee?
Of battle fought, of victory won,
My country dear, for thee?

Is it because with prophet's eye
We pierce the present haze,
And see across a morrow's sky
Australia's crescent blaze?

Born is a nation in the night!
Proclaim its natal day!
Both heir and partner to the might
Of Britain's world-wide sway!

Called to a nobler destiny,
Thou Commonwealth just born—
May Righteousness abide with thee,
From this auspicious morn!

May Peace be thine; may Justice stand
With scales and sword of might,
Close by thy side, with potent hand,
The false and base to smite!

WATTLE BLOSSOM. *Page* 40

The rustling foliage of the trees
Bends 'neath each breath of fragrant breeze ;
Each lifted knoll with gold is gay,
Each crest a foam of wattle spray.

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WATTLE BLOSSOM.

AUSTRALIA'S charm is hills that gleam
With pendent leaves of dusky green,
In ranks that mock the mighty main,
They sink and swell, and sink again.

The rustling foliage of thy trees
Bends 'neath each breath of fragrant breeze;
Each lifted knoll with gold is gay,
Each crest a foam of wattle spray.

Here spring-tide strews in mimic rage
Its bursting bloom of tender sage;
Or paly pink, or blue, or white,
Or wattle glowing in the light.

And who that breathes in dewy morn,
Loves not the rose, or fragrant thorn?
Yet morn, or eve, or night or noon,
No incense burns like wattle bloom.

And when the sun peeps oe'r the hill,
When skies are blue, and breezes still,
Nowhere is found such grateful shade
As spreads along the wattle glade.

Its boughs by day are gay with song,
Thither, at night, birds homeward throng;
The leaves enfold the cosy nest
That hides the mother's brooding breast.

Its golden plumes live but a day,
The sunrise warms the op'ning spray,
The noon expands its pollened grain,
Night takes its beauty back again.

Its glory, like the sunset sky,
Is hardly born ere it must die—
A flash to earth of heavenly light
Flung on the velvet robe of night.

THE LOVERS' LAND.

I HEAR the music of the waves,
As they steal up to kiss the strand,
Or murmuring secrets to the caves
That cast their shadows on the sand,
And tender touches of a hand
Unlock for me the lovers' land.

All nature seems in sweet accord,
My heart with sympathy is soothed,
The ice of discontent is thawed,
The rough rude path of life is smoothed,
All by the touch of one small hand
That holds the keys of lovers' land.

The cares of life fly far away,
  Grey skies have turned at last to blue;
The earth with rainbow tints is gay,
  And all because one heart is true.
The magic touch of her white hand
  Hath led my soul to lovers' land.

Too oft its meads a mirage are—
  That sunny land of life and love;
For some its joys are ever far—
  A mocking glimpse of heaven above.
Yet few but know of one dear hand
  Whose tender touch is lovers' land.

THE MOTHER'S WISH.

Aye, laddie, 'tis oor ain auld hoose,
Sair tears bedim mine een,
As looking roun' the wa's I see
The changes that ha'e been.

Your gran'sire laid the mossy stanes,
An' this wee but an' ben
Was added when his winsome lass
Was coming hame—ye ken?

Your mither was a bonny maid
Wi' bright an' lauching een,
She lo'd upon yon stane to watch
The boats return at e'en.

An' hoo her face wad lighten up
When ye cried 'Fayther's hame,'
Or held your hands across the burn
His sweetie bag to claim.

Upon the gowan bank I held
You crowing on my knee,
An' promised her that I would mak'
A meenister o' ye.

I little kent that summer nicht
Thy heaven was sae near,
That death's pale messenger was nigh
To claim thy mither dear.

His cauld han' touched her bonny brow,
It made her bright een dim,
Wi' failing breath she whispered low—
'A minister mak' him.'

'Bring him up fitted for the wark
'Oor Maister bid us dae,
'Mebbe that I can ken his coorse
'From whaur I'm ga'ing tae.'

My lad, the tears ye weep air gems,
For ye stan' here the day,
A meenister tae serve oor God,
As mither used to pray.

Sae now just tak' a last lang look,
Then o'er the hills we'll gang,
To whaur she sleeps beside the kirk,
The nodding flow'rs amang.

Kneel down beside her grass grown grave;
Kneel down, my lad, an' pray—
That she may see thy bending form
An' bless her bairn the day.

THE FLOWER BOYS.

HERE in the city's dust and noises,
Where throng the busy and the gay,
We hear the flow'r boys' ringing voices—
"Buy, ladies, buy our flow'rs to-day."

"Threepence a bunch, the gardens' glory,
"All velvet-smooth and scented sweet;
"Come, buy the flow'rs of song and story,
"Whose fragrance fills the crowded street."

From box and basket green stems slender
Nod golden heads to passers by,
Or waved aloft by noisy vendor
Add mute appeal to lusty cry.

Of mart and shop the heart grows weary;
Who buyeth flow'rs feels no regret.
What makes the home so bright and cheery
As daffodil or violet?

With some the light of life is fashion,
More slave to fill the golden till,
But all may own the simple passion
For violet and daffodil.

Ho! gallants, buy your sweethearts posies,
We've snowdrops pure, and mignonette,
We'll match their cheeks with tender roses,
Their sparkling eyes with violet.

Sweet ladies, now the sick remember,
Stretched out on pallets racked with pain,
Poor tired eyes will bless the sender
Of flow'rs to soothe the fever's flame.

Then hail, sweet sunny soft September,
With dappled skies, and meadows gay;
" Its fragrant spoils are here, remember,
" Buy, ladies, buy fresh flow'rs to-day."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Old Year, you have known our sore sorrow,
Our hopes, our joys and oft' fears;
Will they die like you ere the morrow,
Or live on through the coming years?

Bright faces that smiled at your dawning
We miss at your passing away!
Sweet voices that woke your first morning
Are hushed ere the close of your day!

As the wild winds your requi'm whisper,
We pause but to listen and hear
Sad words of farewell that they murmur
To thee, O thou dying Old Year!

Ye vast skies, so blue and so cloudless !
  Twinkling stars so cold and so bright !
Ye waken the sweetest of mem'ries
  Of dear ones all absent to-night !

Winds, waft on your swift-flying pinions
  Soft greetings to all we hold dear ;
Your zephyrs the peace-bearing heralds
  Who tell of the gladsome New Year !

Mystical messengers, though ye be,
  Perchance from a happier clime,
Who send us forth new visions to see,
  Through the portals, which we call Time.

December 31st, 1896.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Not thine is the note of the dawning,
Nor is it the glory of noon,
You come when night's curtains are drawn in,
To welcome the light of the moon.
Sweet bird of the Queen of the Night-time,
Thy throat trills a mystical lay,
Denied to the hours of the Day-time,
Nor loosed till the hours have grown grey.

Chorus :—

But the crystal dew-drops hear your calls,
When they kiss the slumb'ring flowers,
On my sleepful ears thy music falls
Like sweet balm on the vanished hours.

The moon from her star spangled highway
Hears all that you sing in the trees,
It soothes the sad souls of the by-way,
When borne on the wings of the breeze.
Thy song in the gloaming is bringing
Sweet thoughts of our loved in its train,
Soft tones as of seraphim singing,
Are rest to the world-weary brain.
But the crystal dew-drops, &c.

LORD ROBERTS.

He stood beside a lonely grave—
The campaign o'er, the vict'ry won—
Old England's war chief, tried and brave,
He mourns his lov'd and only son ;
The soldier's eyes were dim with tears,
As mem'ry pierced the by-gone years.

He hears a childish voice in glee,
'Tis playing with some mimic gun,
Or crooning on his mother's knee,
Again he sees his baby-son.
How cherished was the winsome face,
Aglow with health and youthful grace.

He heard the bugles sound afar,
When Britain called her warriors bold.
Soldier tried by many a scar,
Nor did thy heart or hand grow cold,
When in thy offspring's eager face
Shone out the mettle of his race.

In grim Colenso's deadly hour
Thy martial spirit fired his heart,
And when our guns had lost their pow'r,
He played the man—the hero's part.
"The guns! the guns!!" who'll rescue dare?
He rode to death and glory there.

The day-winds sob, the night-winds sigh,
Over old England's valiant dead,
But never shall the memory die
Of those who for their country bled;
The closing century now writes
Their names on fame's emblazoned heights.

Great chief of battle, this thy meed—
The people's heart went out to thee;
They sorrowed in thy hour of need;
Yet let this truth remembered be—
When death's dark veil is rent in twain,
Our loved and lost we'll meet again.

WALLACE'S LAST.

"My Lords!" The noble head was raised.
No look of fear—no thought of shame—
And, from his eyes, fierce courage blazed,
When mockers spurned the Bruce's name.

"My Saxon Lords!" Again he spake.
"I crossed your border for mine own.
What is a life, for Scotland's sake?
What of these hands, to save her throne?

I care not for that gallows nigh,
Heeding but war's hard needs unsaid.
Our Standard white, is waving high,
The rampant lion folds are spread.

That flag waves o'er our mountains free,
Where Bruce has marshalled forth his host.
With Douglas dark, and grim Dundee,
No battle field shall e'er be lost.

The glens their mailéd chiefs shall see.
Wild peaks shall echo strains of war.
Perchance, my flitting soul shall be,
And view our triumphs from afar.

Dear Gloster! I your hand would hold,
And bless you ere my spirit cleaves
Its way, borne by gone chiefs of old
To endless light, and changeless leaves.

Where my own martyred Marian waits—
Stricken flower of Ellereslie—
Beside the never closing gates,
Watching, there, with our babe, for me.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

YULE-TIDE's sweet peace returns again,
  For Time's unresting feet,
Pass through the halls of joy and pain
  With even timéd beat.
With noiseless step pass Time and Fate
Who careless touch both small and great.

Sweet Christmas comes its peace to shed,
But now in many a home
" War casts its shadows dark, and dread
Whence soldier-sons have gone ;"
And so the swiftly ebbing year
Dies with war trumpets round its bier.

Dead hundred years ! to thy spent wings
Romance lends many a hue.
To ev'ry hour some story clings
That thrills the heart anew.
Ye carry to the Realms of Time,
A tale of deeds that are sublime.

List ! down the ages past and dim
An angel choir is heard,
Whose music is the sacred hymn
That Judah's shepherds stirred,
When on the starlit Christmas morn
The skies proclaim'd a Teacher born.

Sweet peace once more to earth descend,
The olive branch put forth,
Speak but the word and strife shall end,
And quell the nation's wrath.
Oh hear we pray our Christmas cry,
Lord God of Battles throned on high.

December 25th, 1899.

PART II.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

A MANTLE of gloom o'er the nation is spread,
And sadly it mourns, the dear life that has fled;
In the bloom of his manhood, when hope was high,
A prince of the kingdom was summoned to die.

A brave woman weeps, 'neath the uplifted rod,
Her first-born returned, to the arms of his God;
Her aching heart cries, from the depths of despair:
"The cross which Thou gavest, is heavy to bear."

Our sympathy, princess, we offer to thee.
We are clay, but know that the branch is the tree,
Thy woe is the greatest, oh! mother and wife;
Loved mem'ry a portion and part of thy life.

God pity thee, father, thy heir has gone down,
In fulness of youth, on his way to the crown;
Thou has resigned him, in Great Britain's due state,
His ashes are laid in the church of the great.

Be comforted, maid—though his spirit has fled,
All Britons will honor the love of their dead;
Australia's fair daughters are weeping for thee,
And waft thee their pity from over the sea.

Oh! Could we but pierce through the gloom of the
grave,
One glimpse of the unknown, is all we would crave,
But, wise God, a veil o'er the future has thrown,
And Heaven's rewards to the gone are but known.

Oh! Father Eternal, 'twas thy just decree;
Earthly queens and princes must all bow to Thee;
Thy ways are not our ways; and thy law sublime,
Adhered to, must be, on the ocean of time.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS—Sweet messenger of peace!
With thee, may all unkindness cease.
Now, wand'ring back through ages dim,
We hear the shepherd's holy hymn,
On far off hills, on that great morn,
When, was proclaimed, a Saviour born.

The star that pointed all the way,
Is holding still its mystic sway.
Years cannot dim its lustre rare,
Nor other star with it compare.
Guide of man, on that gladsome day,
To where the matchless Mentor lay.

A mighty messenger, he came,
His new love-doctrine to proclaim,
And, unfold the eternal plan,
That opened wide its arms to man.
The ways of truth—boundless and free,
He let a doubting people see.

When bells, their Christmas church-chimes ring,
'Tis the great love theme that they sing.
His pow'r and righteousness the way,
That leads us to life's perfect day;
Where self and gold, are nought but dross,
Beneath the shadow of the Cross.

Now let our prayers to heav'n ascend;
And let all nations call Him friend.
In sacred choirs of endless song,
His lessons teach—pure, holy, strong.
Goodwill and peace of Christmas tide,
May they with mankind e'er abide.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LIEUT. JAMES ROBERTS.

MOURN not fond mother, though he sleep,
On Afric's veldts afar,
And soft sad night-winds o'er him weep,
He's crossed the Hero Bar.

He went over the treach'rous track;
Over the blinding sand;
Climbed kopjes where the rifles crack,
Deafened the foe's command.

He flinched not, nor did he fail,
But held our standard high;
When bullets hissed a shower of hail,
"Forward men"—was his cry.

Though, fatal missile, sped its way
Nobly, duty was done ;
Yet mighty death, with ghastly sway,
Did claim your gallant son.

Brave warrior of the Austral band,
Our Empire keeps a place ;
His name's recorded in our land,
A beacon to our race !

A place won in the Nation's heart.
Honour his deathless name
His fearless deeds have won the part,
Of a brave warrior's fame.

A TRIBUTE TO ROBERT BURNS.

He struck old Scotia's magic lyre
With chords full, great and strong ;
The Muses joined, in one desire,
And crowned him King of song.

They wooed him on the braes o' Doon,
And by the stream of Ayr.
Beneath the pallor of the moon,
Who with him could compare ?

The purple heather seemed to grow
More purple to his gaze ;
And gowans, swaying to and fro,
Aroused a theme of praise.

He idolised his Mary's face,
  Her charms wove wondrous ways ;
While every crannie, burn and place
  Grew beauteous in her days.

The ancient legends of his land,
  Lived 'neath the mystic spell.
He saw the dauntless Wallace stand,
  And heard the pibroch swell.

Freedom or slav'ry be the choice,
  He heard again that cry ;
The valiant King—the Bruce's voice—
  Call, Liberty or die !

But he, who left a mem'ry great
  To live in Scotland's heart,
Did tread dark avenues of fate,
  And found the bitter part.

Illustr'ous Bard ! who left a light
  Time makes the brighter shine ;
While, in its ever-onward flight
  Thy verse grows more sublime.

* * * * *

Montgom'rie's ivied towers stand,
  Still flows the winding stream o' Ayr,
Still daisies fleck fair Kelvin's Grove,
  But he wha sang them is nae mair.

ROBERT BURNS. Page 56.

You struck old Scotia's magic lyre
With chords full, great, and strong;
The Muses joined, in one desire,
And crowned you King of song.

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The braes—the bonnie braes !—are still
The same he lo'ed in days gone bye,
The plough still turns puir mouse's nest,
But he's nae near to hear her cry.

Oh ! cauld, cauld blast o' bitter world,
That blew on him sae unco sair—
That bent his proud heart to the storm
And crushed bright hopes that bloomed ance fair.

When by the fire we gather 'round
Tae listen tae his deathless sang ;
His saft words thrill within our hearts,
His spirit comes our folk amang.

'Tis then we muse on lock and lyne,
On heath clad hills sae far awa' ;
On sages dead and poets gone,
On him wha lives aboon them a'.

We walk the wooded path whaur aft
With winsome Jean he lo'ed tae stray ;
'Mid banks with Scotia's wild flowers decked
And starry gowans kiss the brae.

There silver-throated linnets sing,
Blythe in their sylvan minstrelsy ;
And mavis, with her orison,
Floods the echoing glen with glee.

His memory lives in British hearts,
Linked with sweet Highland Mary's name ;
In loyal faith we pledge his toast,
And add this tribute to his fame !

TO MAGGIE STIRLING.

[ON THE OCCASION OF HER DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.]

SWEET songstress, of our sunny clime,
Whose notes of magic—voice divine,
Charméd our ears, with thrilling spell,
And, heart-cords moved, that deepest dwell.
While memory's phantoms come, and go :
Drawn from their caves by music's flow.
Warm wishes waft a favoring breeze ;
God guard thee on the tossing seas,
When the blue waters, stretched between
Thee, and thy friends, its level screen.
We'll follow on the daily page,
Thy footsteps on the larger stage ;
And echo on our golden strand
Thy triumphs, in the older land.

LORD HOPETOUN, AS FIRST GOVERNOR GENERAL.

[WRITTEN ON HIS ARRIVAL, DECEMBER 13TH., 1900.]

FROM the hallowed land of home,
Through the perils of the deep,
Fortified by grace, you come,
Britain's sacred trust to keep.
Called to an exalted state,
For a new-born nation great.

LORD HOPETOUN. Page 58.

Thy kindly deeds shall ever dwell,
In memory.

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R L

Noble heir, to noble name,
  Blest by an Imperial dower,
'Mid the avenues of fame,
  Thou hast wielded well thy power.
Duty's star shone ever bright,
  On thy path her holy light.

From the people's hearts to-day,
  Many grateful prayers ascend ;
Soft winds carry them away,
  And in mighty cadence blend.
Our high aims you will attain
  And confer, on us great gain.

FAREWELL TO LORD HOPETOUN.

FAREWELL ! We hear it on the breeze,
And in the rustling of the trees,
    Murmuring farewell.
You hold a far more honoured part,
In every true Australian heart,
    Than words can tell.

God guard you on the raging foam,
To your beloved Scottish home,
    Of ancient fame.
Land that your fathers loved so true,
Whose noble deeds a radiance threw
    Around your name.

Sweet welcome waits in stately hall,
Old Edinburgh's joy-bells call,
For Hopetoun, Knight.
And summer time, with mantle green,
Will deck fair nature with a sheen,
Of beauteous light.

But sadness reigns in this farewell.
Thy kindly deeds shall ever dwell,
In memory.
In history, thy name shall live,
And Federation's page shall give
Honour to thee.

Although too soon you leave our shore,
Your interest in us is not o'er,
We trust and pray.
And, when thy earthly work is done,
May the great crown of life be won,
In God's own day.

IN THE WORLD OF EVERY DAY.

In the world of every day,
Pluck we, the blossoms rarest ?
No ! Wild weeds, do ever stray,
Blighting forms, and tints fairest.

In the world of every day,
Are sweet flow'rs that bloom for all,
Yet, so often tossed away,
Letting leaves and petals fall.

In the world of every day,
  Friendship is a sacred flow'r,
Strive to gain it by the way—
  Its rare beauty, and its pow'r.

In the world of every day,
  Trust and hope, go hand in hand ;
Shedding, by their subtile sway,
  Gems of goodness o'er the land.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

Oh ! come to me, my treasured heart,
And be, of my sad life, a part.
Yes, even as a guiding star,
Thy love shall chase dark doubts afar ;
And, in the days, which are to be,
Shall bring sweet comfort unto me.

From life's check'd web, so wondrous wrought,
Often have I some respite sought ;
Striven to pierce the future's haze,
That lies enshrouded in a maze ;
But thou hast brought, with love's own power,
Life, as in elysium bower.

Was I not wakened by love's kiss,
That changed a wilderness to bliss ?
The gentle pressure of thy hand
Taught me, at last, to understand
The trust that lies in true-love ties,
Before which all unkindness dies.

In paths of pain, or troubled ways,
Thy voice will speak of better days.
As the bright meteor lights the sky,
So troubles at thy word shall fly.
And, travelling over wider fields,
We'll find the joys that nature yields.

IN MEMORY OF VIOLET VARLEY.

BEFORE the Infinite we bow!
Death rests upon the fair young brow!
A bright soul calmly passed away!
To dwell in God's eternal day.

Dear little form, for ever still,
That moved the people to thy will.
Cold, tiny hands! Dull sightless eyes.
And ever hushed, that voice we prize.

Ambition's star, shone wondrous bright!
Life's path seemed clad in glory's light.
We weep. Did she not form a part,
Of every true Australian heart?

Beyond the tomb, there is sweet rest,
For those, who nobly do their best;
And, gracious promises from Heav'n
To sacred motherhood are given.

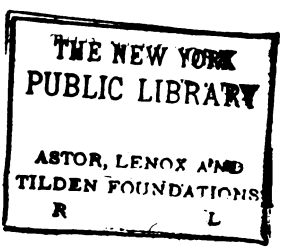
Fond parent! bowed 'neath heavy cross!
Lone husband stricken with thy loss!
List to God, even as ye weep
He giveth His beloved sleep.

JUNE 5TH, 1895.

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. Page 62.

THE SPIRIT'S RESPONSE.

The heavenly theme vibrated, to a lov'd, lone shore,
Where a watchful spirit caught the cadence it bore.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THE SPIRIT'S RESPONSE.

To-NIGHT the ghosts of memory, my weary spirit led ;
Their floating garments came, 'twixt starlight overhead ;
Arms outstretched, in mute appeal, to draw me far away ;
To a light that shone, on a former, brighter day.

The silken stems of flowers, are changed to sacred strings,
On which some minstrel plays, some unseen songster sings ;
The melody is borne, on the pinions of the breeze,
And carried scintillating, o'er the moon-bathed seas.

The heavenly theme vibrated, to a lov'd, lone shore,
Where a watchful spirit caught the cadence it bore ;
Aroused, in her like memory, and the same sweet strain
Was caught by the angels, and echoed back again.

Then, it soothed me there, in silence, by the moonlit sea ;
It brought responsive chords, of love again to me.
My wearied soul was lightened, for Hope, her white wings spread
O'er the whispering waters—and, then, the Spirit fled.

IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED QUEEN.

A mantle of gloom o'er the nation is spread,
Most sadly it mourns the illustrious dead.
But Christian forbearance and fortitude gave
Ease in that dark passage that led to the grave.

In her, we have lost both a monarch and friend
Whose greatness and good o'er a world did extend.
Firm in the right, duty's path she ever trod.
She strove to be just to her people and God.

Her virtues will shine on the fair page of fame,
And unborn ages, will remember her name.
Imperial splendor wanes dark at the sight
Of the soul passed on to effulgence of light.

Great men, of all realms, feel her loss most profound ;
The spirit of good-will, o'er all does abound.
All subjects and strangers, join as one, and pray,
That Victoria, may be crowned, in God's own way.

BELOVED QUEEN.

Profound emotion filled the throng
With awe and reverent breath,
As organ chords deep, holy, strong,
Sang of majestic death.
Their sacred swell o'er heart strings swept
With cadence sad and sweet ;
And men were dumb while women wept
O'er calm, eternal sleep.

Each soul did feel the mighty power
Of death, the victor king—
All know in his triumphant hour,
None can evade his sting.
Sweet music with thy mystic sway,
Thy grandeur then did prove
God's greatest hope, and shed a ray
Pronouncing His great love.

That day we mourned our Empress Queen.
The Queen, whose length of years
A bulwark to the throne had been,
Hallow'd by widow's tears.

• • •

The Soldiers.

They came, the soldiers she held nigh
To honour Austral's name
To hold the British Standard high,
And join the Federal fame
With muffled drum and steady feet
By dark, drap'd walls they pass;
One human sorrow seemed to beat,
And sore possess the mass.

The mirth we fain would feel is fled,
Our joy is turned to pain,
And pleasure for a while is dead,
For loss of Queen *sans* stain.
Our nation gives them greetings true,
They wept with us in prayer.
On every crest and shield we knew
Victoria's name was there.

God guard the warriors on the sea,
On Afric veldts afar;
King Edward's power, there, still must be,
Watched by his mother's star.

LAKE TYERS.

MORNING.

When the glory of the dawning
  Fell on Lake Tyers' beauties rare,
And kind Nature's gifts adorning,
  Decked the scene beyond compare:

Then the sun, majestic, rising,
  Lit with life the morning sky ;
And, the wild birds' sounds surprising,
  'Wakened sleepers, low and high.

Oft' their music, tinged with sadness,
  Touched the forest trees profound ;
And was changed to songs of gladness,
  As zephers stirr'd the leaves 'round.

Then, the sunbeams, brightly shedding
  O'er a veil of glitt'ring dew,
While modest wild flowers sleeping,
  Smiled before the power they knew.

Beauteous, feathered songsters flutt'ring,
  Fled on tinted wings away ;
Joyously their message telling
  Of a sweet September day.

NOON.

To a cave, near, came the greeting,
  Where the waters, rippling clear,
Kissed the worn old rocks, whose forming
  Told of many bygone year.

LAKE TYERS, GIPPSLAND.

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Joyous ! For the noonday's splendour
Has unrobed a silver sheen ;
And the fern-dells of September,
Rustle in their mantle green.

EVENING.

When the sun's soft rays were gliding,
Forming shadows deep and long,
Then I heard a weird voice singing
A strange melancholy song.

'Twas a lonely savage mother,
Clasping to her breast a child ;
While high cliffs, now, seemed to shelter
Them in Nature's grandeur wild.

How that chant came o'er the water !
As in boat I sailed away ;
Why, an aborig'nal's daughter,
Leave in twilight soft and grey ?

Would she tell to me her story ?
So I sought the shore again ;
When, Lake Tyers, now bathed in glory,
Told a native's tragic strain !

Gifts I made, and kissed her darling,
Sleeping in the mother's arms ;
Whose wild burst of native thanking
Added to that wild spot's charms.

When the moonlight's silver beaming
Fell on waters full and clear,
Those pathetic chords came sweeping
As if wanting me to hear :—

That the same Eternal Father,
Despite colour, kith or kin,
Leaves us life's great theme to ponder.
Leaves us just to trust in Him.

THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

Triumphant do the joy bells ring;
Ring wild, in pride and glee;
Millions of lips his praises sing:
"Powell, at last, is free."
Long sad sufferings are over now;
And glory crowns the brow.

Brave band! Your names shall ever live,
Where Britain's banners wave.
Loyal hearts shall, proud honor give,
To the undaunted brave.
The Union Jack is waving high;
"Rule Britannia" the cry.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, FOR THE FIRST TIME.]

Born to noble destiny;
Heir of an ancient name.
May Peace and Prosperity,
Uphold his way to fame.

Joyful anthems loudly sing;
Proclaim his natal day,
Prince, and partner to the king,
Of Britain's wide world sway

Loyal hearts, in gladness beat,
On this auspicious day.
Prelates, and the people meet,
For our King's son to pray.

Flags and banners proudly wave,
And let the church-bells ring,
Australian arms will stretch to save,
The Empire's future King.

Children shout his name in praise,
And sing their songs, with glee;
Childish emblems cheery raise,
Knowing, that they are free.

Know, that 'neath the standard true,
Waving from post and hall,
Ensigns of red, white and blue,
Triumphant over all.

Winds, bear on your wings, away,
Our greetings o'er the sea.
Nations honor him to-day
Long live the King to be.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Illustrious scribe, thy deathless name,
Is carved upon the heights of fame ;
And, through the avenue of years,
A beacon to the world appears.

You took from nature's gracious hand,
The deeds and legends of your land ;
And, with your pen, as with a key,
Unlocked old Scotia's history.

When the evenings' sunset, threw
Romantic veil o'er Benvenue,
You summoned forth, the wondrous throng,
Of beings whom you dwelt among.

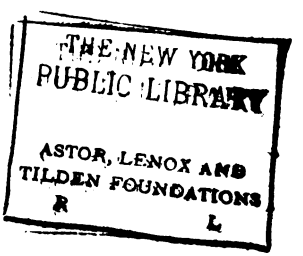
Then, Caledonia's chieftains bold,
Would rise from turret, heather, hold,
Their Clans, from every mount, and glen,
Marshelling forth, their kilted men.

There came the dauntless Saxon Heir,
Snowden's brave knight, and Helen fair ;
For, fain would he woo, wed, and take,
The beauteous Lady of the Lake.

Wandering, where soft moonlight fell
O'er locks, old crannies, lyne, and dell
She faltered forth, to him the truth :—
Grahame, was lover of her youth.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. Page 70.

He took from nature's gracious hand,
The deeds and legends of his land;
And with his pen, as with a key,
Unlocked old Scotia's history.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After her clansmen's strife was o'er,
His talisman, to him she bore ;
And, when he heard, the maiden's tale,
King James' promise did not fail.

The Douglas chief, of mountain race,
With joy reflected on his face.
In answer, to his monarch's call,
With noble bearing graced the hall.

Bold Grahame ! It was thine to know,
The priceless gift, love could bestow,
When Helen, freed from war's alarms,
Found shelter in thy manly arms.

Despite the raptures of the breast,
Clan Alpine's Roderick, was at rest ;
No more, the mountain path he'll tread ;
But, for his sense of right, he bled.

Great writer ! Thy romance and song,
Grows grander, as time flows along ;
Bright meteor of the old world home,
Thy works, are prized, wher'er we roam.

FORWARD, AND FEAR NOT.

[THE WORDS OF THE POPULAR PATRIOTIC SONG, "SONS OF THE SOUTHERN SEA," WERE TAKEN FROM THE FOLLOWING LINES, WHICH WERE DEDICATED BY THE WRITER TO THE CONTINGENTS LEAVING AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND FOR AFRICA, OCTOBER 23RD., 1899.]

WHEN Austral sons, heard war-notes peal,
It stirr'd their blood, and fired their zeal.
"Ho! o'er the seas, to British guns?"
The South-land answer'd with her sons.
Where scorching sun smites blinding sand,
Through Kopje's Pass, on parched rand,
The star of Duty sheds her ray,
To show our boys the Empire's way.

Refrain—

We sadly eat our daily bread,
When, lo! in many a home,
War casts its clouds, dark, dour, and dread,
Whence soldier sons have gone.
They rallied nobly at the call,
Sons of the Southern Sea!
If, for the Empire, men must fall,
Let ours that glory be.

When sounds the bugle's martial call,
When death's dark veil, hangs over all;
When furtive rush, or ordered tramp,
Disturbs the watches of our camp;
When flies, our flag, in battle tide,
O'er Britons fighting, side by side,
Britain will have no braver band,
Than those who hail from Austral strand.

DRAWN BY CHAS. NUTTALL. *Page 72.*

SONS OF THE SOUTHERN SEA.

War casts its clouds dark, dour and dread,
Whence soldier sons have gone.

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In every home, the tocsin's sound,
Strikes heart-chords, solemn, sad, profound ;
The mother's mind, it fills with fears ;
It veils her smiles in misty tears ;
Her darling leaves, the home bush gate,
Caught in a silken web of fate ;
Followed by prayers, whose falt'ring tone,
Betrays dark thought, that none dare own.

Forward, and fear not ! rings the cry,
God speed our boys ! the flag hold high !
The sunset lights, the path to Fame,
To laurels waiting them to claim.
The Empire's legion keeps a place,
For sunburnt sons, of Southern race ;
Britain, can find no braver band,
Than those who hail from Austral strand.

THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

[During the carrying out of the ceremonies marking the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament for the first time by the Duke of Cornwall and York (Prince of Wales), on the suggestion of Sir Frederick Sargood, it was arranged that the Union Jack should be hoisted on all school buildings throughout the State. At a given time, on the touch of a button by the Duchess, the signal was telegraphed, and the Colours were hoisted simultaneously.]

Our three-fold Union Jack, mast-head,
The dear old flag, white, blue and red,
Floats near and far to-day.
Wave proudly in the breezes, wave ;
Thy realm is o'er the free and brave,
The wide-world owns thy sway.

The heirs to Britain's crown are nigh,
To raise King Edward's standard high,
  Add dignity to fame.
On hut, post, house, hall and tower,
Are emblems of Great Britain's power.
  Our dead Queen's sacred name,

Is, as a star, that brightly shines ;
Her loving influence that binds,
  Our Nation firm and fast.
Then hoist the Union colours high,
Neath Austral's blue sky, let them fly,
  In honor of the past.

And, let the loud joy-bells peal forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
  Clear sweet young voices sing :
" Crown him, Oh ! Father throned above,
Imbue him with thy wondrous love.
  God bless our earthly king."

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

When bright stars in their kingdom of cloudland,
  Shall twinkle in brilliance rare,
I shall breathe your loved name to the sad sand,
  My message may float on the air :

That I love you, for ever and ever,
  Your last flowers on my heart I hold.
It's for Britain, and honour we sever ;
  The rest is a story untold.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF W. G. BARKER.

The birds amid the fir trees sang,
The sky shone blue o'erhead;
While bells with mournful cadence rang
For the beloved dead.

Then white-robed choristers around
Earth's sacred narrow bed
Sang of the glory he had found;
And many Masons shed

The emblems of eternal life
Upon their brother's breast.
The watchers' hearts with woe were rife,
But Barker was at rest.

At rest on earth—yet, he has gained
"The Hallowed Halls" above.
Great singer—when his strong face paled,
He did not cease to love.

Though hushed to us for ever now,
His voice, cheered on life's way.
The minstrel's crown, rests on his brow
In realms of lasting day.

In holy choirs of music sweet
Where angels never cease;
Sing to the sorrowing widow, meet,
Of heaven's perfect peace.

Sing to the mother's broken heart—
To father, brother, friend,
Of God's reunion, where none part,
And where life knows no end.

OUR BLUE JACKETS LEAVE FOR CHINA.

[TUESDAY, JULY 31ST., 1900.]

THE sovereigns of the sea are called :
"Our hardy men in blue"
Respond with eager courage, for
Their "hearts of oak" are true!

True sons, of those sea-king fathers,
Who fearless faced the foe
On rolling deep, or castle steep,
In days of long ago!

Aye! Ever foremost in the fight,
Are Britain's sailor sons!
Their stalworth arms, well match, in strength,
The tackle of their guns.

Our bulwarks are their brawny breasts,
That shield our Empire home;
Aye! Ready, when stern duty calls,
To face the raging foam!

They love the rolling of the waves,
The ocean's restless swell!
They draw their vigor, from the brine
And breeze, they love so well!

And when the Night Queen softly sheds
Her silver on the sail,
The seaman's heart is touched by cords
That vibrate with the gale!

Grim war! When wilt thou pass away?
How many victims sleep
In death's cold arms, while sorrow'ng friends,
In anguish pray and weep?

Thy ghastly harvest quickly reaped:
Will it not satisfy?
How long? How long? Life's holy fire
Wilt quench in human eye?

The clustered stars still twinkle, and
The sea-depths are aglow
With phosphorescent splendor, that
Light-up their ebb and flow.

Our ears strain for an answer, but
To all such quests as these,
The Moloch War-God's answer, is
The silence of the seas.

Chorus—

On the roll, and "swish," of the waves, boys!
On the roll, and toss, of the sea!
Wherever, our duty calls us, boys!
Let us ever, there, promptly be.

CHRISTMAS.

Glad Christmas time, whose cheerful flow,
Sheds o'er our hearts, a kindly glow;
When sweet memories of bygone years,
Come with the music of the spheres.

The white Dove with its wings out-spread,
A harbinger of peace, she fled,
Far, far, beyond the portals bright,
Yet, brought to us, the heav'nly light.

To human hearts ; on one and all,
She let her sacred message fall ;
An angel foll'wing in her way,
Awoke sweet thoughts of Christmas Day.

Aroused Earth's Minstrel from his sleep
Immortal chords, strong, holy, deep,
Rang out again. The Minstrel leant
Upon his harp, filled with content.

We listen, and the lonesome sound,
Is hallowed, mighty and profound ;
Our souls vibrate, our senses thrill,
To the grand Anthem of good will.

What was the myst'ry of that hour ;
The Prince of love—Bethlehem's power ;
The chosen one of God, to be
The light of life, that we might see.

Oh ! let thy spirit linger near,
Through selfishness, Lord, let us hear,
The loving cadence of Thy voice ;
Which bids the people to rejoice.

THE NEW YEAR.

Dying year ! the world's great story,
Ye bear through the blue fields of space ;
The wings of the wind pass o'er ye,
Soft zephyrs that kiss your lin'd face ;

Through cloud-land, star-land and far-land,
Ye hasten to regions unknown,
With gifts of wheat, fruit and garland,
Life's harvest—twelve reapers have mown.

What of these fruits, and fair flowers ?
What deem ye good deeds among men ?
Noted, the toiler's weary hours ?
Smiled down on the poor writer's pen ?
Watchéd by poverty's pallet ?
Seen the soldier, stand by his mate ?
Kept some, for weak, in your wallet ?
Golden line, on tablet of fate !

Time has ranged success and failure,
Has marshalled our deeds side by side,
Passed through the ways of the seasons,
God's star in the east for our guide.
In the night's travel and sorrow,
When hours lag so laden and long,
We lean on hopes of to-morrow ;
How welcome are sunshine and song.

Ring in the New Year with gladness,
Fair face wreathed in mystery's veil,
Ring out the Old, with its sadness,
It's cares and wars harrowing tale.
Shine forth bright star of the morning,
Dispel with thy pow'r—doubts and fears,
The sky-lark with songs of dawning,
Shall herald a gladsome New Year.

PART III.

ELANDS.

Historic day, when shot and shell, raging,
Riddled the ensign of Britain's great pow'r ;
And shattered the Red Cross flag while waving ;
An emblem of truce, in war's lurid hour.

Mem'rable time, when noble steeds prancing,
Were blinded by smoke, and maddened by pain.
Faithful horses ! When death was approaching,
Caught ye the sound of the bugle again ?

Heard ye not the command of your master,
Urging you onward, through pass and o'er hill,
In your eagerness, faster and faster,
Doing man's bidding—grand horses now still ?

Hallowed flag, over graves, you have wavéd,
And o'er treach'rous veldts where loved are asleep ;
How many dangers our heroes have braved,
Even to cold death, the remnants to keep ?

Wave the grand flag, from bush-home and tower ;
Flag, that our sons, held so sacred and dear ;
Shielded at Elands, in that grim, fierce hour,
By Austral's brave sons, who never know fear.

October, 15th, 1901.

PEACE.

ON THE DECLARATION OF PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Prayer from our thankful hearts ascends,
Peace once more on us descends.
War trumpets cease ; no bugles sound.
Guns and swords, have respite found.

Unfurl the flags, let banners fly.
Hold the British Ensign high.
The campaign's o'er, the victory's won,
Martial spirit's work is done.

The day-winds sob, the night-winds sigh ;
Never, shall the memory die
Of those who for their country bled.
Britain's silent valiant dead.

Yet, mighty war, with thy death stings
A tale to every hour clings ;
And carries, through the realms of time
Deeds most noble, grand, sublime,—

Deeds, that for ever hold a part
In each British loyal heart.
And o'er thy ruins, and great strife,
Peace shall reign in better life.

2nd June, 1902.

THE RETURNED SOLDIERS.

MEN, who heard the bugle's martial call ;
Who saw their comrades, around them fall ;
Who watched, blood-stained banners, float in pride,
And saw, friend and foe, die side by side.
Australian soldiers, ye fought as true,
As Old-world sons—and, we honor you.

Brave heroes all, were the dauntless band,
The untried troops, of a distant land.
Artists shall paint, and poets will sing.
Of gallant deeds, that to your names cling.
On Fame's deathless page, have ye won part,
And sacred place in our Nation's heart.

Of the noble dead, speak we with pride,
While silver moonbeams o'er homesteads glide,
Mem'ry will wander, far, far away,
To Rensburg's, never forgotten day ;
And dauntless Eddy's courageous cry,
In first, wild charge, when he fell to die.

Wounded and weak, we welcome you back.
From battlefield, and the treach'rous track ;
Men, who have lived not their lives in vain,
Now safe in our sunny clime again.
Last century's page ablaze with fame,
Shows hallowed place, for each soldier's name.

MOUNT KOSCIUSKO.

DEDICATED TO CLEMENT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., ETC. COMMEMORATIVE OF THE OCCASION OF THE FIRST WINTER ENCAMPMENT UPON MT. KOSCIUSKO OF MR. WRAGGE WITH HIS PARTY OF OBSERVATION.

There be men who court privation,
To well serve their world or nation ;
To investigate nature's laws,
And forward science in the cause.

Australian Alps's lofty peak ;
On thee abide—and knowledge seek.
Kosciusko ! It is from thee,
Seven thousand feet above sea.

The searchers scaled hard frozen snows,
To plant the flag that science knows.
Like Scot's Ben Nevis in its might,
This mount stands shrouded in pure white.

Ben Nevis—left so far away !
Thy destinies, the same to-day ;
Brave men climbed thee also to learn,
Data, to which science may turn.

When deadly blizzard ice-storms swept ;
Under the snow they delved and crept ;
And when Thor's raging passed away,
Again they faced the bleakest day.

The Southern Cross, in jewelled sky,
Delighted much the searcher's eye,
And all through the cold silent nights,
Looked down on Kosciusko's heights.

From whence the Snowy River flows,
Capped by the grandeur of the snows ;
And ice-cliffs like to opal walls,
Reflect sun's rays whose brightness palls !

Here may our flag be up to sight,
And Nature's laws be brought to light.
In answer to her mighty sway,
'Tis Kosciusko calls to-day.

A ROMANCE OF LOCHABER.

Deep anguish and love, Jean's sweet face did betray,
As she said ; " Bold Donald, you leave me to-day.
Just list to the waves and their deafening roar,
They echo : 'You'll come to Lochaber no more."

" Then, Jean, dear," he answered. " You know why I go,
Our King and our country are plunged into woe ;
So, who but her sons can her glory restore,
Although they return to Lochaber no more ?

Think you of old Scotland's white flag lying low ;
Its purity dimned by a conquering foe ?
Who deemed they could tame us, and bend our proud knee ;
But never, no, never, for Scots shall be free."

Most bravely she answered : " I now bid you go
To meet with true courage our country's bold foe.
On Scotland's wild heath, bring their chief to his knee
And hero come back, to Lochaber and me.

Although our bright visions of love pass away,
Of earthly hopes cherished, but born to decay ;
May the standard of Scotland in triumph wave,
Whilst pibrocks are sounding the call to the brave."

He gathered his men, at the calm dawn of day ;
And they bowed 'midst the purple heather to pray,
That the great God of battles, who's mighty hand,
Would shatter the fetters, from their bonnie land.

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. *Page* 84

LOCHABER.

Donald turned his pale face to the setting sun.
All knew that the work of his country was done.
The dying lips faltered : " She stands by the sea ;
Her eyes scan the waves, for my brave men and me."

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In the clash of battle his clan heard his call:
"Forward, my kinsmen; now we conquer or fall."
A wild rush they made, and the clamours flashed high,
And each warrior's response, was: "Scotland, or die."

The foemen were noble, and dauntless and brave;
They fought for their King, though a despot, to save.
A strong front they showed—but the Scots were at "hame,"
And after three strong onslaughts mustered again.

Scots were triumphant; and together did stand,
Thanking God for victory—saving their land.
But many were missing who went out that day,
And Lochaber's great chief was passing away.

His hand tightly grasped at the banner now red
With the blood of the foe who lay near him dead.
Both chiefs fought bravely. Only one lived to hear
The shout of victory—the highlanders' cheer.

Donald turned his pale face to the setting sun.
All knew that the work of his country was done.
The dying lips faltered: "She stands by the sea;
Her eyes scan the waves, for my brave men and me."

The clansman, who pillowed the head on his breast,
Took Jean's sprig of heather from its sacred rest.
Again the lips whispered: "Oh, tell her from me,
I did what she bade me, and Scotland is free."

Ah, Jean! Ye may wander by Lochaber's shore.
Donald, thy hero, shall come there nevermore.
When the pale moonlight, shall gleam over the sea,
His comrades shall bear but a dead chief to thee.

Midst the caves of Lochaber, sad winds may moan,
But spirit of freedom o'er Scotland shall roam.
The griefs of such lovers shall not last for aye,
For reunion, shall come in God's endless day.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MORNINGTON FOOTBALL TEAM.

[DROWNED IN PORT PHILLIP BAY, 21ST MAY, 1892].

The last good-byes were answered,
As the day gave place to night;
The merry crew sped homeward,
Full of hope, and joys delight.

Who thought, that, without alarms,
The cold sea, would have its prey,
Tossing them, in treacherous arms,
And dashing, its foaming spray?

Oh! sea—with your angry face,
How recklessly, you hurled
Men's souls, without thought of grace,
Ashore, on the unknown world.

Yet, in that awful moment,
They uselessly fought for life,
And nobly met those fierce waves,
That so conquered in the strife.

In that moment of keen pain,
With life's battle nearly done ;
Wearied with efforts in vain,
Perishing, weak, faint and numb—

Did light shine in the offing ?
Did a voice from cruel sea,
Whisper : "The gates are op'ning,
That lead to eternity ?"

What of the watchers, sadly,
Waiting long upon the pier—
The bleak winds moaning madly—
Their hopes turn'd into dread fear.

They strain their eyes, in longings ;
They pace through the dreary night ;
And full of strange forebodings,
Still gaze for a welcome light.

The morning dawned with chill cold,
And upon that rocky shore,
The woe tale was sadly told,
That the boys would come no more.

Oh ! stricken souls, ye know not,
Why this sudden grief should be ;
Nor why the Father's chastening,
Bowed you thus to His decree.

There is the lasting promise
To us weak mortals given :—
One day, to join our lost ones,
And part no more in heaven.

WHISPERING BREEZES.

Dawn's eastern veil, see drawn aside,
As, through Sol's radiance bright,
Myriads of sunbeams gaily glide,
To crown the hills with light ;
And breezes join, in trem'lous strain,
Singing their sweet refrain.

In Summer heat your waftings cheer ;
And charm 'midst forest brings ;
Grand symphony, from far and near,
Is brought upon your wings ;
Whispering breezes borne away,
In soft enchanting sway.

The leaves are mov'd, as with a sigh ;
Flowers your kiss do greet ;
Birds, their sweet songs of praise sound high ;
All things most mirthful meet
Whispering breezes, in your flow,
With rhythmic cadence low.

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. *Page* 88

WHISPERING BREEZES.

Dawn's eastern veil, see drawn aside,
As through Sol's radiance bright,
Myriads of sunbeams gaily glide,
To crown the hills with light.

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Waters, murmuring to the trees,
Dance 'neath the breezes' pow'r,
And story tell to fern clad lees,
Of rose-wreath lovers' bow'r.
Whispering breezes, in your flight,
Soft strains the ears delight.

You heard Endymion's dream told,
Of Paradise to be.
His Lambs were gathered in the fold,
Ere you had reached the sea.
Whispering breezes, ever bring,
Joy sounds, where'er you sing.

Do you never linger, nor rest,
Passing through regions fair,
Of the horizon's crimsoned west?
What tidings do you bear?
Whispering breezes, echo long :—
"Love is our message song."

THE PARTING OF IRISH LOVERS.

Mavourneen! When we wandered in the gloaming long ago,
And sought the flower-decked banks, where Killarney's waters flow,
There was music in the wavelets,
As they lapped old Erin's shore;
They brought to us love-tidings,
And sang them o'er and o'er.

The soft winds, as they listened, bore the message far
away ;
The echo, reached the ancient hills, and told the
slumbering bay ;
How, the stars shone out, in glory,
From their canopy on high ;
The stillness 'round us, only
Disturbed, by your, soft sigh.

When the moon rose, in her splendour, and cast a silver
spell,
Upon our lake of beauty, and, upon our Emerald dell,
Then in troth, we plighted, our words,
Under seal, of lovers true,
And Elfins, on the wings of birds,
In sacred silence drew.

Mavourneen ! I am calling, but you come, to me no
more;
Yet, the moon, shines out so brightly, upon the dear
old shore.
Flower of love, you have left me ;
In a distant land you sleep,
I linger here acushla
And, lonely vigil keep.

WELCOME TO MADAME MELBA.

Loud chords of welcome meet the ear,
Vibrating, reach from sphere to sphere.
The people's cheers, are strong and long,
To greet Australia's Queen of Song.

Through realms, your fame is truly made ;
Your laurel chaplet cannot fade.
Years, did not dim, the love of home,
Though fortune's footsteps made you roam.

We followed, on the paper's page,
Thy triumphs, on the larger stage ;
The tidings reached our golden strand,
And spread like lighting o'er the land.

Your conquests, far across the sea,
Form part of Austral history ;
Dame Fortune, on her gilded car,
Ne'er carried you, in pride, too far.

To others, in the fight for fame,
You gave a home, love, help, and name ;
And kindly thoughts, from near and far,
Are shining, o'er you, like a star.

Great songstress, of our sunny clime,
With sweetest notes, and voice divine ;
Thou charm'st the ear, with music's spell,
And, heart-cords touch, that deepest dwell.

Thus, in our people's heart to-day,
Thy coming, holdeth mighty sway ;
And, may the never failing Friend
Upon thy life, His blessings send.

September 20th, 1902.

MY OLD LOVE.

A "vision of the past," lingered by my side once more,
In the brilliancy and glitter of a ball;
Violet eyes, in sorrow, did not sparkle as of yore.
And a trembling hand a wattle spray let fall.

Thy heart went back, darling, to a summer long ago,
When Cupid lightly, his wild illusions shed,
We wandered o'er paddocks, where beauteous flowers did grow,
And feathered songsters, in gay procession fled.

I told you that treasured gold was not the prize I sought,
But your love, with silken reins, my guide should be;
To white shrine of ambition, my efforts would be brought,
If this life's strange ways, were beautified by thee.

Glory of the twilight, as she came with silent tread;
With the music of the brooklet at our feet!
Flowers seemed to listen, and their dainty leaves outspread,
As if the power of human love to greet.

Did the great blue heavens hear you? Stars in wonder look—
As you shrank, and started back from my embrace?
Was your low decisive answer, borne upon the brook?
Did the evening winds, so balmy, kiss your face?

We parted. I know you won those jewels for your brow;
But their beauty could not make your own more rare.
They are resting, alas, o'er a face of sadness, now,
Though upon those coils of lovely auburn hair.

Though I have won fortune, and my lands are broad as thine,
I'd surrender all, my darling! once to be
Under the golden wattle, or where the roses twine,
On a summer evening, once again with thee.

It cannot be—cannot be, for thou art now a wife.
Hast attained thy choice—yet, hast not love, they say;
You, whose love I prized so much, and was my very life,
And losing—am made, this saddened wreck—so gray.

I will wander o'er the old ways, see your face no more,
Though, near yon gate, still the tender creepers cling;
Youthful hopes have faded—life's trials are nearly o'er,
Yet, there is cheer in those notes the birds do sing.

So, I'll pass the ranges, through the atmospheric blue,
O'er the river, with a guardian for my guide;
There thy lost love shall help me—for those sad eye were true,
And, in those realms, you will linger by my side.

MOSMAN'S BAY, SYDNEY HARBOUR.

Nature here has dealt most kindly,
In a smiling dreamy way.
And hath shower'd adornments richly,
All around fair Mosman's Bay.

Here, the silv'ry waters dancing,
O'er the golden pebbled shore;
And sea-gulls, with pride are skimming
Keeping time with crests that soar—

Bearing them on billowy pinions,
Rocking them to happy rest,
Wafting them to safe dominions
On the harbour's surging breast.

Here the native creepers clinging,
Seek the sun's resplendent rays,
And, the foliage 'round is sparkling,
With translucent dazzling sprays.

Mosman's Bay—thy many sisters,
Near by thee, are wondrous rare,
Do their old rocks echo whispers?
Yes! the winds reflected dare

Tell, through Neptune's Nymphs, the story,
Of the Bays, fair to behold;
Grouped away, in Southern glory,
Nestling, in their harbour's fold.

Of the Islands, clad, in white wreaths,
Which the morning sun-god lifts;
Shadows that the goddess night breathes,
Over inlets, coves, and cliffs.

Rest ye bays, in loving beauty,
Let your waters, calmly sweep,
O'er the rocks, whose lasting duty,
Is eternal trust to keep.

Thou great part, of Nature's fulness;
When we gaze, on thy pure face,
Comes the thought, of God's great goodness;
Fashioned to express His grace.

A BROADFORD IDYL.

Oh ! Happy spring time—days, so full of gladness ;
Bright, smiling skies, so clear, and blue above ;
No sorrow came, to dim, our lives with sadness ;
One melody prevailed, whose theme was love.

Can I forget, those days, when we two wended,
Through gullies deep, secluded from the sun ;
Where giant gums, with branches wide extended,
White, as if to tell—the years they had run.

Where, crumbling logs repose in mossy splendour ;
While wild ferns wave, and silken grasses cling,
We saw, the charms of nature, there to ponder,
And heard, the music of the bell-birds' ring.

We saw, the ranges towering, in the back-ground,
And, the blue haze, in misty shadow rise ;
Near by—beautious birds, the sheltering boughs found,
Then, swiftly flew away, in dread surprise.

From paddocks far, we heard the axes ringing.
The sound echoing, on the balmy breeze ;
Tunefully, the wattle-fringed creek, was singing,
To many tinted flowers, that deck its leas.

Alone, beside the three-railed fence, I wonder,
How, those glad hours, to me, were but a dream ;
Yet still, on you, my love, I sadly ponder ;
But, only breathe it, to the quiet stream.

When fair summer came, robed in golden glory,
You, dear, were sleeping in the old church yard ;
Where the hills, with sentinel trees grown hoary,
Do in stern solitude its white fence guard.

My arms go out, in mute appeal to air, dear,
My hands are seeking hands they cannot find ;
Yet, I feel thy cherished presence ever near ;
And hear thy whispers on each passing wind.

EASTER HYMN.

(JOHN CH. 20).

See weeping Mary keep the watches of the night,
Yearning—her footsteps seek the tomb, ere it is light.
Scarce flushed the Eastern sky, when timidly she crept,
To the new, rock-hewen cave wherein her Master slept.

Two Angel figures bend, where He had lain in tomb ;
Their glory gilds the walls, where she expected gloom,
"Where hast thou borne my Lord"? In fear she trembling cries ;
Oh ! Tell me where He is ? Say where His body lies ?

A stranger near her spoke : "Woman, why weepest thou ?"
She turned to him, who said—in tones familiar now—
"Mary ?" In this voice of Him enrobed in mystery's light,
She knows her Lord now risen from the grave in might.

"Rabboni !"—Master mine ! She uttered in her joy,
All Hail ! to Thee, my Lord, who did by death destroy
The terrors of the grave. Thy earthly work is done ;
And the first Easter morn proclaims the victory won.

HANG UP THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.

The children love Christmas, and welcome much its
happy tide,
When kind old Santa Claus with gifts does down
the chimney glide;
They have heard his merry carols, though have not
seen his face,
But he always puts each wished-for gift in its proper
place.

Their childish faces beam with joy; they shout in
rapture free;
Each stocking has the longed-for toy; they clap
their hands with glee.
There's a painted boat for "Curley Bob," with
rigging all tight,
And Maxim gun for "Fighting Jim," with barrel
gleaming bright.

The eyes of "Tommy" brighten, as he sees an envied
book;
Alice and Edith dance for joy, as on their doll-house
look;
Convey their girlish thanks for lovely chairs in gold
and blue;
And wonder in amazement as to how old Christmas
knew.

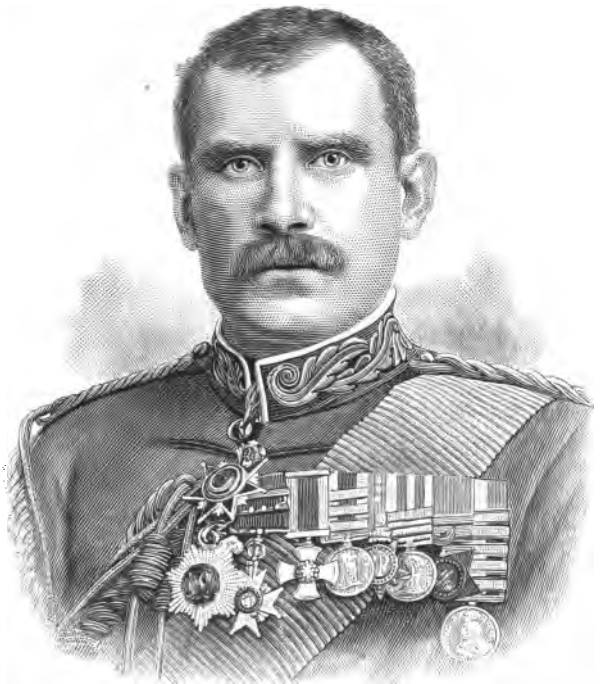
The girls clasp their dolls in pleasure; and run to
tell mamma;
While the boys have scampered off with their gifts
to show papa.
Oh! childhood's days, so full of hope, so bright with
gladness now,
The days must come when lines of time will touch
each little brow.

In fancy think of "Curley Bob," in years that are to be,
Pacing bridge of a gallant ship—to lands in far off sea;
And you, our fighting brown-eyed "Jim," with sword girt on your side,
Beloved in your battalion's heart—mother's and sisters' pride.

"Tommy," a student, bending late, over vast pages now;
Then signs of author's sacred calling, set upon his brow.
When mystic visions rise as he uses his thought-charged pen,
We wonder if those thoughts will stray to Father Christmas then?

At a brilliant Christmas ball—see two graceful maidens dance;
Their cheeks are tinged by that "first call"—the sweet voice of romance;
Their rhythmic steps keep time to the sound of some cherished air;
While parents fondly gaze on girls so lovable and fair.

So may joyous Christmas favours on every child be shed;
And may the great Father's blessings descend on each young head.
In youth or age, in weal or woe, together or apart;
Still may the thoughts of Christmas glow, for ever in the heart.



ENGRAVED BY R. BRUCE. *Page 99.*

(From a likeness held by J. R. Stevens, Esq.)

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

Majuba's hero. The Empire's soldier,
Idol of army. Beloved by his clan.
For his valor, we claim him as warrior.
Gordons may fall—but are brave to a man.

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While the Nile flows in historic splendour,
  P'rhaps it bears Egypt's war-tales to the sea ;
Sirdar and chiefs, their boldness remember,
  But they were conquered Macdonald by thee.

Whilst Scots in line met the foe in fierce fight,
  Legions swept down on their left and their right ;
But Scots forming angle, met their full might,
  And Macdonald thus put their swarms to flight.

Hist'ry shall show on her pages of fame,
  Omdurman and storming of Dargai's heights ;
Enshrine Macdonald with the Gordons' name,
  For bravely upholding the Empire's rights.

With Scotchmen no sland'rous tongue can sever
  Nor answer the wail of the pibroch's strain ;
They have lain him 'midst the blooms of heather,
  Sleeping where all will revere his great fame.

THE LAMP OF LOVE.

Thoughts of an ev'ning long since past,
  Control me by their thraldom still ;
Those happy hours that did not last,
  My yearning heart and senses fill.

I see vast waves—row upon row—
  Silvered by the lamp of heaven ;
Hear the strange music of their flow,
  Whilst approaching—shoreward driven.

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That sea which lapped a pebbled beach,
  Disclosed to me a theme that night ;
As if the human soul to teach,
  Its harmonies in magic might.

There was a voice so dear to me,
  Whose tones had pow'r the heart to thrill ;
My lover, by that moonlit sea,
  I knew was Nature's dreamer still.

We thought not then of days to be—
  My happiness was in his heart ;
And, in the light of fantasy,
  Our love was as of plighted part.

Great plan of life, so faultless wrought,
  Oh ! piercing arrow swiftly spent ;
You filled the brain with glowing thought,
  And love's first flush of sweet content.

Oh ! Shall I hear that voice no more ?
  The stars are dim, the moon has fled ;
Flowers that brilliant blossoms bore,
  Are withered now, and all are dead.

Yet still I linger by the sea,
  Whose spell no mortal can deny ;
And crested waves still bear to me,
  A hopeful song in by-and-by.

A day shall dawn, upon whose birth
  The sun shall rise but never set ;
When all harrowing pains of earth
  Will pass—and then, we shall forget.

In a hallowéd sphere, so bright,
  Are joys that ne'er shall pass away ;
And in that everlasting light,
  God's Lamp of Love shall burn for aye.

SERENADE.

Stars of a spring-time night,
Far above fleecy height,
Hide not your twinkling light.
Let all be bright.

Moon of a spring-time night,
Sweep on your western flight;
Strong shed your mellow light.
Let all be bright.

Winds of a spring-time night,
Rein-in your pinions tight;
Touch gently blossoms white.
Let all be bright.

Sun of spring's morning light,
Soar over plain and height;
Show well earth's magic sight,
While all is bright.

Meadows and streams in light,
Trees, shrubs and birds so bright,
In spring you shed delight;
Beauteous your sight.

When ends this earthly light;
Then dawns the heaven bright;
Where reigns supernal right;
For love is might.

FALLING SNOW.

As I gazed at a shadow—with sudden delight,
I noticed that all was changing to white.
Oft did I long to see this, my own bonnie land,
Decked with this garment we all think so grand.

I have seen her bold mountains, and her far fam'd hills;
Mused by her braes and the dear winding rills;
On the banks of her lochs have watched waves ebb and flow;
Few sights stirs me more than this fall of snow.

When the gorgeous green dressings of summer are past,
And Autumn's cold chills the leaves have downçast;
Then winter branches which look so brown and so bare,
The snow king clothes with white purity rare.

Look at those chirping birds which come flitting quite near,
To join—I should think—in the boys' glad cheer;
Then fly up to the heights of yon beautified tree,
To skip there in peace—Scotch Robins are free.

Just list to the laughter of the boys there below,
In glad delight with the beautiful snow;
They've made snow-balls, and snow-men, and houses of snow,
And now they play war and battle with snow.

'Midst all this merriment the poor sheep bleat for feed,
All covered with snow they are in great need.
So they are gathered and brought within a snug shed;
And to relieve their sore hunger well fed.

DRAWN BY CHARLES NUTTALL. *Page 102.*

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A dark shadow oft' ends in a fall of white snow.
Rainstorms before sunshine make the grass grow.
The snow with the play may to the boys be great gain,
To lambs in the fields it bringeth but pain.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S SECLUSION.

REVERIE.

Born for our own old Scotland's crown ;
By country spurned. Where now renown ?
What now of our true Murray's plans ?
What of the fealty of the clans ?

Waiting here so hopeless and cold ;
Sighing o'er thoughts of things now old ;
Yet mem'ry soothes a restless brain,
Bringing sweet hope of home again.

Thoughts of youth bring a magic thrill ;
And ears with sweet strains seem to fill.
See mountain, meadow, smiling bay,
And true love change things sad to gay.

See smiling fields with dewdrops spread,
And beauty in each flower's head ;
Birds awak'ning fair morn to greet,
And stir old rugged cliffs complete.

Thus mused Prince Charlie in his cave ;
Self-prisoned his dread life to save ;
An outcast to all kith and kin ;
As exile life did now begin.

HISTORIC.

One sabbath morn of radiant spring,
When old kirk chimes did solemn ring,
To reach the cave wherein Charles slept,
Flora Macdonald's bare feet crept.

Flora the pride of all her clan,
What brought her to this haunt of man?
Here lay a stricken Scottish head,
With rocks as shield and bracken bed.

She knelt in calm but deep despair;
The outlawed Prince of Stuart was there.
His wavy locks were limp and wet;
His features haggard, cold and set.

Reclining with torn plaid beside.
Flora was now to be his guide;
O'er hills where often he did roam,
O'er moors, no more to tread as home.

No more to hear his bugle's call;
As Lowland Chief reigned over all;
But love that rules, yet reasons not,
Prince Charlie's kiss had not forgot.

Those gloamings in the hazel dell,
Where Charles his winsome tales did tell.
Yet he beneath an alien sky,
An exile—all alone—must die!

The bloom soon passed from Flora's face;
For blighted love had left its trace.
She sleeps, alas! in heather wild;
But Scotland honours well her child.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

Wandering often in the glade
Of Mooni's kind and restful shade ;
To live beneath the wondrous spell,
Of the muse who loved him well.
He wove in hours oft-times too brief
Melodious songs that banish grief.

The happy birds on branches sang ;
And memories soft without a pang,
Came back with Spring's sirens once more ;
Who in their arms fresh garlands bore,
Of blossoms which had been asleep,
To lay them blushing at his feet.

Harp-strings in quiet laid aside,
He swept again with minstrel's pride ;
And trembling notes melodious swell,
Bright themes of life's rejoicings tell,
In truest harmony and terse,
Of Nature's glories in his verse.

His sweet child's death his heart-strings tore,
And matchless verse his wailings bore.
Who could so move the people's heart,
Or play so well the poet's part,
And leave on Austral's shrine a name,
Whose lustre lasts in deathless fame.

While waves guard well his narrow bed,
Earth's changing joys and pains are fled ;
Flowers that soon must withered be,
Adorn that spot by surging sea ;
Vibrations of emotions strong
Bear far and near his prized song.

A DREAM OF LOCH RYAN.

Last night a vision of the past,
Was o'er my restless slumbers cast.
Old days of childhood long since fled,
Came back again with noiseless tread;
And in response to mem'ry's call,
Allowed its mystic veil to fall.

Then misty web of bygone years,
Dissolvéd was in grateful tears ;
Then rang out the fo'castle bell,
And the " look-out's " call of—" All's well ; "
And ropes and chains' consonant sound,
Told of our vessel homeward bound.

Oh ! Those crests on the deep blue waves;
That wild white-line, which lashing laves
Our ship's bulwarks and oaken sides,
As she ploughs them and nobly rides,
With a cloudless sky and fair wind,
Sweeping them past as thoughts from mind.

The jovial sound of sailors' song.
Arose amidst her white sails strong,
Then floated on across the bay,
To the high cliffs of Galloway.
Ah ! Galloway—whose hoary name,
Finds place in tales of Scotland's fame.

See—yonder, Corsill's turrets old,
Secure upon a sea-girt hold ;
Chiselled by nature's skilful hands,
Magnificent in power stands.
There nature's laws are manifest !
A castle on an ocean's breast.

'Tis there, the sea-gulls after flight,
On native broom and bracken light ;
There, linnets' throats so sweetly sing;
There, the wild plovers' notes do ring;
And thrushes' soft chords blend in sky,
As 'round the battlements they fly.

See—Ailsa Craig in grandeur lifts,
His rugged face and seaworn cliffs ;
Like a sentinel stern and brave,
Defying storm and angry wave.
He stands alone in silent pride,
The seaman's hope—Loch Ryan's guide.

There, flocks of sea birds build their home ;
Then soaring o'er the fleecy foam,
They fly to the Cairns' rocky height,
To quiet nook near beacon light ;
And gaze upon the boundless deep,
Then fold their heads 'neath wings and sleep.

Loch Ryan's features pictured now,
With misty haze on uplands' brow ;
A sight sublime beyond compare !
Mermaids e'en her pure waters dare ;
For legends tell in years long dead,
" A sea king there a mermaid wed ! "

Stranraer, where the old river flows,
Upon whose braes Scotch heather grows ;
Daisies so pure—and sweet bluebell,
Still of old soldiers' glory tell ;
Guarding so true their tranquil sleep,
And deck the sombre hills so steep.

When heaven's stars shine out so bright,
In the sad sanctity of night:
Do they perceive that mighty host?
Every stern warrior at his post;
Or mailed men with shining shield,
Who courted death but would not yield?

The vision fades—I 'wake again,
My throbbing heart imbued with pain.
The spell which bound—can bind no more,
Ah! halcyon days—dead days of yore!
My home is now in lands afar,
Yet memory clings to dear Stranraer!

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL.

(DIED IN ENGLAND, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1904.)

A garland of deathless flowers I fain would weave,
With some fadeless leaves of green tenderly to cleave,
And with soft subtile silken stems securely twine,
Encircling as a sheaf those sad sweet songs of thine;
That, like ripened golden grain gathered to disperse,
So, on earth's varied soils be strewn thy graceful verse.

Our lily that you loved bends now its waxen head;
The deep carnation's crimson hues have almost fled;
The rose has cast petals in sorrow far and wide;
Marigold's soft fringes the blue sky seem to chide;
Mignonette is drooping—and dewy violets weep,
While hyacinths on homestead solemn watch do keep.

The pen is laid aside ; the gifted writer's hand,
Shall write with it no more about her cherished land.
Wattle trees shall bloom anon—and the bell-birds
ring
Strange notes o'er the gullies, of which she loved to
sing ;
But her harp is silent—its notes shall no more swell,
In native melodies of mountain-range and dell.

The morn of fame rose bright for her, and with it's ray,
Lived rich themes of noble thought, love and happy
day.
What slept in memory's hall, awakened once again ;
And every note and chord had music in it's strain.
Life's silver thread is severed—but none shall forget
Austral's tuneful daughter, whose star so early set.

Not beneath our Southern Cross—nor beneath the sky
She loved and sang so well, doth now her cold clay lie ;
Away in older lands where gum-trees do not wave,
And wattles bloom not, she has found a lonely grave.
Yet her theme "Remember," and sweet lines
"Nevermore,"
Now echoing on the breeze, reach her native shore.

Australia shall remember. Children's voices sing.
Her bright endearing verse to homes shall ever cling.
O'er country wild she roamed—and there the muses
came
To cast a spell around and whisper some soft strain.
Now she hears the harmonies of a heavenly band ;
Yet reads the tender thought-waves from her native
land.

MELBOURNE, MARCH 21ST, 1904.

THE NEWS-BOYS.

I hear their voices in the crowd,
The news-boys calling oft and loud.
I watch them rush with eager feet,
Their favourite customers to meet;
And onward mid the human throng,
Shoeless oft times they run along.

Then to the tram with skilful bound,
Regardless of conductor's sound.
The passengers they "cannot spare,"
As they must sell their "paper-ware."
Now in and out from cab and train,
All striving for an honest gain.

Through changing seasons of the year,
Ring their young voices shrill or clear,
Argus or *Age*—familiar cry—
While serving morning passers by;
Or, at mansion and cottage gate,
Leaving records of human fate.

In evenings bright or in mist glow,
Herald re-echoes to and fro.
Now here, now there, before you ask,
The boy has settled half the task.
Perhaps a kindly word or deed,
A moment stills the pulse of need.

Some boys have eyes of brown so deep,
They haunt me when I fain would sleep;
Others have eyes of sparkling blue,
Some with the violet's deepest hue.
Some have young faces bright and glad,
But from stern cause some look so sad.

Yet still all work along life's way,
Anxious to earn their paper pay.
To-night I hear the falling rain ;
With it a " story " comes again :
Through mist of years I see him still,
The orphan boy whose name was Bill.

" Curly Bill " with the winsome face,
Running hard in the paper-race ;
Always willing to help a mate
To sell right out if it was late.
Father dead and his mother ill ;
Battling life's fight with steadfast will.

It came about one winter's night,
While sheltered near a doctor's light,
Where rooms and hall were all aglow,
And liv'ries hast'ning to and fro,
Poor Bill gazed on as in a dream,
Astonished with the inner gleam.

A carriage whose horses' smart pace,
Aroused the news-boy from his place.
A lady passed in spotless white,
Between Bill and the doctor's light.
Bill stared hard on that face so fair,
With precious gems mid raven hair.

With grace she entered the bright hall,
The dearest guest at that grand ball;
Bill looked in from the cruel street,
Saw graceful forms—heard music sweet,
The chill wind blew—he did not care,
Though rain fell fast and feet were bare.

He lingered long by iron gate,
Knowing at last the hour was late ;
He was going his mother to greet,
Something then glittered at his feet—
It shone with gleams of sparkling light,
That dazzled Bill's bewildered sight.

A diamond star ! He saw it now,
The one that shone upon her brow.
He snatched it up in childish haste,
There was not any time to waste.
Oh ! mother, now : What will she say ?
For poor Bill had been taught to pray.

He gave the star a longing look ;
While with cold his body shook.
I must not keep it. Yet—oh ! yet :
What "things" I could for mother get ?
There is no fire and she is cold ;
While gems they say mean lots of gold.

Then he heard a voice : "That's wrong Bill."
That inner voice is never still.
He then saw his dear mother's face ;
The vacant chair once father's place.
Crushing temptation he took the way,
To brilliant hall and dancers gay.

Boldly he rang the doctor's bell—
Haughty eyes of the servant fell
On worn jacket and poor bare feet
"Who is it, news-boy, that you seek ?"
I want that lady in pure white,
With raven hair and eyes so bright.

The servant, not quelling Bill's pride,
Said : "See her there on yonder side."
The doctor noticed the poor child,
Brought him in from the night so wild.
Then Bill, with cap in hand, bent low,
Dazzled again by lustre's glow.

Pointing : "That lady—may I see ?"
The doctor, wondering what it could be,
"What do you want, my little man ?
I will do for you all I can."
Bill points again with shivering hand,
But doctor fails to understand.

The boy's look caught her smiling face,
As the lady approached with grace ;
Bill's bright brown eyes gazed in her own,
As he faltered in broken tone,
"Watching these lights, here, from afar,
Lady, I found your diamond star."

She felt her coils of wavy hair ;
Her face grew anxious, yet more fair.
He held the star with open hand,
This boyish prince from paper-land.
"My father's priceless gift," she cried,
"Of all my gems, most sacred prized."

Kissing the boy with eyes aglow,
She spoke to doctor, sweet and low ;
And as he bent his kindly head,
The lady now, the news-boy led.
Ah ! Bill had won—brave, dauntless Bill,
His noble mind had conquered ill.

The lady, dressed in spotless white,
Sent Bill in carriage home that night.
The boy, when asked, his story told,
Of mother waiting in the cold.
All she wanted he brought her now,
Through that star from the lady's brow.

Morning dawned on a day of joy
To mother and her orphan boy.
The doctor came her ills to tend,
The lady, comfort and befriend,
The storm of want soon passed away,
And heaven's angels smiled that day.

That doctor married long ago ;
That lady fair did not say " No."
With queenly step she treads that hall,
Bestowing kindly thoughts on all.
Her gracious deeds have won her fame,
" The Bountiful " is still her name.

Bill—brave, curly-headed boy, Bill,
Soon climbed life's ladder with good will.
The doctor, proud of " little man,"
Made him part of a noble plan.
Educated, Bill took his degrees;
He aims, now, to do good and please.

Edison was once a news-boy.
None so poor but life may enjoy.
" Lamp of duty " Bill still holds high,
As on that night 'neath the wild sky.
And now, when the doctor feels ill,
He sends for famous Doctor Bill.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND JAMES.

A prisoner within Castle, Queen Mary, alone,
With her baby-boy son, the heir to Scotland's throne.
She often thought of France, while gazing on his face,
Yet prayed for rebel chiefs who falsified her race.
Loved Scotland's ancient crown had rested on her brow;
Where the lustrous beauty of its bright jewels now?
Crownless she walks, in anguish, her bare turret room,
Thinking not for safety, but of Prince James's doom.
Hears expected signal, which makes her heart beat fast.
Hope of help realized. Her knights had come at last;
Had braved false Bothwell's blade and Douglas' treach'rous hand;
Were near to rescue James, and take him from her land.
With anxious thoughts, and eager dauntless courage led;
Deftly, she took the drapings from her prison-bed;
And by skill transformed them, to girdle for her son;
Whose safe descent, down rocky heights, must now be won.
One look and kiss. Her child, at least, shall now be free.
"He may yet lead a host for Holyrood and me;
"Lord, guard him to my friends, who wait in risk to save,
"'Neath Edinborough's walls—where Cravens' banners wave."
Then kneeling on turret high—her prayer went forth to heav'n;
To Him who answers; That strength to her be given.
O'er the danger ridge he sways, down the rocky side;
While Knights with Mary pray: The infant Prince to guide.
What shout is that which rends the air—disturbing calm?
The child is safe! That sound is Mary's priceless balm.

Her warriors who have strode o'er hills and ravines deep,
Have safely rescued James; Queen Mary's trust to keep.
Dim in the future lies the potency of now.
One crown, for two kingdoms, shall circle James's brow;
Under one monarch, both shall e'er in peace abide;
So what is Scotland's now, becometh Britain's pride.
Early, in kingly might, James sought the fatal tow'r
Conveying his mother's form—in a sacred hour—
To tombs of England's great. What thoughts did fill his breast?
For her whose changing life knew storm, but never rest.
She sleeps with one great act illumining her brow,
And cherished hopes and fears lie in death's ashes now.
Old Edinborough's heights are seen in grandeur still,
And Mary's weird voice calls from her ancestral hill.

PRINCE NIGEL BRUCE.

Within the battlements there paced,
Prince Nigel's stricken bands,
Who had so many dangers faced,
In fighting for their lands.

While now they waited for their Chief,
With bared and bending head,
Each face was set in stony grief.
Their gallant Prince was dead.

Nigel Bruce had scaled Stirling's walls;
To vict'ry led the way.
Brave Chieftain whose rousing war-calls,
Made Scotland free one day.

Nigel had tuned the poet's lyre,
And sang of Scotland's right;
He set her warriors' breasts on fire,
With strong strains of her might.

He charmed the ears of maidens bright,
Who, gazing on his face,
Held that they saw the legend's light,
Which hovered o'er his race.

His Isabel, who went to greet
Him victor, from the war,
With happy blush upon each cheek,
And eyes bright as a star.

She bends before the altar now,
Where sleeps her lord in State;
How cold and white that noble brow,
And hands she clasped so late.

The church-bells now his death-knoll ring;
Their sound heard far and near;
And from the cloister sweet they sing,
"Rest soul"—in voices clear.

But she who kneels hears not a voice;
Heeds not the sentry's tread.
Does not the husband of her choice,
Lie in pure vestments dead.

Bold Nigel who had braved each foe—
Knew not dread war's alarms;
Loved high mountains, and chased the roe—
Had wooed her with word charms.

Had he not laid his mailed vest,
Sword, helmet, at her feet,
And fairies charm'd on "heather test."
In moonlight brief and sweet.

The bugle sounds—King Robert Bruce.
And every head is bent ;
The standard bearer's flag of truce,
Is soiled by foe and rent.

" What meaneth this distress I pray ?
The secret of this time ?
My Lord of Gordon, always gay,
Where Nigel, brother mine ?"

The Gordon spoke : " I fain would give
My life for his ! Would be
Where he now rests ! Would he could live
And bend his knee to thee !

" He rests in yonder chapel old,
His princess kneels in prayer.
What mortal lips can now unfold,
The cause which laid him there ?

" Our Scotland's heir—alas ! is fled.
His locks look just the same.
And proudly lies his noble head;
Aye ! deathless is his fame ! "

The King of Scots grew stern and white.
From him no answer came.
The sunbeams reached his armour bright,
Reflecting bright from same.

His sword hung useless by his side ;
Transformed—he raised his head.
" My brother lifeless ? Stirling's pride !
Heir to our Scotland—dead ?

" Haste we, Gordon, to where he sleeps,
I must look on his face,
Where Nigel's faithful Princess weeps,
And holds him in embrace."

"The King!" The cloister hymn is o'er;
The requiem strains are still;
Old warriors tread the sacred floor,
And peace each soul doth fill.

"Rise Isabel." King Robert's tones
Sound husky, sad, yet sweet.
"Arise, sister—'Tis Scotland owns
The warrior at your feet.

"We all grieve he no more can scale
Castles and turrets steep;
So, let our pibroch music wail.
Wallace true guard will keep.

"Near by his own—my courtiers bold
Our swords salute his brow,
For we shall keep the mountains hold;
There satisfy his vow."

ON ROSES.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Roses comely—and so white,
In youth's purity and light,
Did an angel in his flight,
Clothe you in such spotles sight?
Or, a tear from Heaven fall,
Crowning you White Queen of all?

THE RED ROSE.

Roses clad in deepest red;
Did rude lovers bring a dread?
Did your veins a deep blush shed,
O'er your perfect, silky head?
Still they guard you in the night,
For they prize your blooms so bright.

LEGENDARY.

OF THE RED ROSE.

It is whispered that in far by-gone days,
Queen of the fairies displeased by your ways,
While over flower-land one night she sped,
By wave of her wand transformed you to red,
But the birds still voice their love songs as
true ;
And hover and gaze on your charming hue.

OF THE BLUSH ROSE.

Modest one ! Know that on one summer's day,
A courtier was gaily riding his way ;
And staying to gaze on innocence sweet,
Your petals, affrighted, fell at his feet.
He gathered them and imparted a kiss,
Leaving you, ever since, blushing in bliss.

OF THE MOSS ROSE.

Sad rose ! A wandering sun-god of old,
Sighing to woo—plucked and clothed thee in
gold ;
Gazing on thee, then, so bright was the sheen,
It covered you all with soft mossy green ;
Elfins he summoned his magic to see ;
And endowed the green cloak ever on thee.

ON ALL ROSES.

Remember'd by all in garland of song,
For they comfort alike the weak and strong,
The leaves we turn in the great book of life,
Are blest by their presence in joy or strife ;
And gazing on them we think with a sigh !
How sad—that beautiful roses must die.

GOLDEN DAFFODILS.

'Neath dappled skies in meadows gay,
The golden heads are bending ;
And interlaced where soft winds sway,
The green and gold are blending.
Fair petals gleaming from their sides
Look to where the sun-god glides.

Lingering 'mid the shade of trees,
They heard the wood-nymphs singing ;
Then on the pinions of the breeze,
Soft melodies went ringing.
The God has come from far to greet,
Daffodils that look so sweet.

The feathered songsters of the dell,
On boughs and branches swaying ;
Awakened 'neath the happy spell,
And soon their notes went straying
Through meadows with a legend old—
Blossoms white were turned to gold.

There on a bank of em'rald green
A lonely flow'r was waving ;
And there the sun-god's magic sheen
Its beauteous folds was shaping,
And beaming on that flower fair
His rays glinted through the air.

Thus was the pale bloom changed to gold,
And then in homage bending ;
She felt the sun-god from his fold
Companions near was sending.
And now in her triumphant hour
Bends before his genial pow'r.

VIOLETS.

Smile! fair flowers so pure and blue,
Through a veil of silver dew—
So velvet smooth with fragrance sweet—
Blooming where the waters meet;
Gem amidst the world of flowers,
Sent to gladden weary hours.

On fam'd fields of war and glory,
In songs of love and story,
Ye ever hold a sacred place,
With innate and simple grace;
And winsome sunbeams in their bliss,
Strive your tender leaves to kiss.

White vi'lets near a moss-grown well,
On soft couch of green ye dwell,
Robed with the purity of snow,
O'er your stems soft zephyrs blow;
And fairies on the wings of doves,
Whisper secrets of their loves.

CAPTAIN KANE, AND H.M.S. "CALLIOPE."

(HISTORIC FEAT OF BRITISH SEAMANSHIP, 15TH MARCH, 1889.)

[There was a dispute over Samoan matters between U.S. America and Germany. Each had three war ships in harbour at Apia. America had the "Trenton" (Flagship), the "Nipsic" and "Vandalia;" and Germany had the "Adler," "Eber" and the "Olga." In this harbour there were also six merchantmen, and a number of smaller craft, when H.M.S. "Calliope" arrived. Next day, this crowded little harbour was the scene of a terrible cyclone, in which every craft but the "Calliope" was smashed up, and a deplorable number of lives lost. Capt. Kane of the "Calliope" ran his ship in the teeth of the gale, through a very narrow passage between the "Trenton" and a reef, to open sea, displaying masterly seamanship, which was heartily cheered by the Americans led by Rear-Admiral Kimberley from the "Trenton," although that ship was disabled and sinking *fast* at the time.]

FROM A PAINTING BY G. T. GREGORY, HELD BY J. W. DUNCAN, ESQ.

CAPT. KANE AND THE CALLIOPE. *Page 122.*

Seeing all—with a sailor's trust,
He fought right well the death worn way,
With engines strained and steam pipes burst,
He kept the bridge—and bridge's stay.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

O'er fair Samoa trouble hung,
In Apia's harbour, one March day,
Where frigate bells the " watches " rung,
While ships in calm at anchor lay.
Americans and Germans bold,
Had there, each, three warships, riding,
Yet none, of next day, could have told,
Although on war's call abiding.
Then flying high, from mizzen head,
See now the British ensign sway.
The " Calliope," by bold Kane led,
Must prove her steel, the coming day !
A harbour small, crowded with sail ;
At man's behest were anchored fast.
Ah ! What shall be the morrow's tale,
When all are shattered by the blast ?
" Cast Anchor "—" Bank Fires " : orders given.
What cloud, now, could Kane see coming ?
Next morn was dull, and clouds were driv'n,
And, in mist, the seaman's warning.
Then tempest came, in one great breath ;
The cyclone in its furious might,
Carrying on its fierce wings death ;
Rousing great waves to mountain height.
Stirring, the treasures of the deep ;
Upheaving, in its raging hour,
E'en weeds, on which sea-families creep.
Creating foam-hills, with its power !
With piercing shriek, and howling voice—
Like to demons in sad despair—
With lightnings, and thunderous noise,
Leaving ships' riggings, stript and bare.
Lashing, as with sharp scourging scorn,
And fiendish anger in its blast,
The sea now, as in fury torn,
In death-throes, carries hulls and masts.
Brave captain, 'midst the tempest roar—
With reefs and dangers all around—
What was the message succour bore,
That in your careful thoughts had found
A place for such a daring deed,

Such bold and only safety way ?
Yet, true to country, Queen and need,
You would not brook the least delay.
Seeing all—with a sailor's trust,
You fought right well the death worn way ;
With engines strained, and steam pipes burst,
You kept the bridge—and bridge's stay.
" Slip anchors "—now—" Full steam ahead !"
Let boilers go to fullest heat,
For we must fight the breakers dread ;
Our flag, my lads, must ne'er be beat.
Aye, ready sir ! The answer came.
Two hours' strain—but four cables length.
The pistons thud with might and main,
And ship and hands use all their strength.
Her foreyard swept the " Trenton's " deck.
Americ's flagship sinking fast,
And soon to be a hopeless wreck.
Yet, there arose—upon the blast—
A ringing cheer for Kane and crew,
And British pluck and seamen's skill,
While death's shades o'er the " Trenton " drew,
Her fated crew was cheering still !
Safe, through the narrow channel now ;
Away on to the open sea.
Yet, sorrow rests on every brow,
For struggling " Tars " left on their lee.
All cast in boiling hiss of foam,
Where human aid availeth not ;
How many breathed of loved at home !
Whose parting words were not forgot ?
Washed with the wreckage to the beach ;
Where native tribesmen wade to save ;
Rescue the maimed, within their reach,
And give the dead a friendly grave.
Honour the perished where they rest ;
Pacific waters ever keep
Watch o'er the seamen on your breast,
And in your rocking arms asleep.

A PLEASURE JUST TO BREATHE.

(CONTRIBUTED).

In boyhood's buoyant days when all is bright and clear,
And birds sing joyously in springtime of the year;
When after a day's "cram" of teacher's lore you seethe,
It's jolly to get out—a pleasure just to breathe.

When on a sabbath day you're surfeited with rest,
Though the flowers are blooming some say its wrong to jest;
With church service ended, when singers come beneath,
Outer air is charming—it's pleasure just to breathe?

In manhood's city days with life's cares falling fast,
Hours long—air confined, and the poor ever last;
A trip to the country, a quiet smoke to wreathe,
The mountain air delights—its pleasure there to breathe.

When Betsy sweeps—kicks up a dust—reigns confusion—
The air seems surcharg'd with pepper in profusion—
Your nasal membrane's tickled, and you're forced to sneeze,
Get you to the outside—its pleasure there to breathe.

EMPIRE BUILDING.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

[When an acorn was planted and died, who could have forseen it would be succeeded by a forest of giant oaks? When a few adventurers found their way to new lands, and settled and died there in pioneering struggles who could have forseen they would be succeeded by a vigorous progeny who would develop into nations and build up a vast Empire?]

ADVENTURE. EARLY STAGE OF SETTLEMENT.

The Britisher's home children were by no means few;
When they grew up they didn't know what to do.
Under primogeniture, all was left to one;
So, when daddy died the others got none.

The Briton's country for these boys offered "no show";
Sea, all around they didn't know where to go.
So on chance they sailed away to a new country;
And had to work and make democracy.

They had to conquer savage and wild beasts to kill;
Had to build huts and live o'er plain and hill;
Clear the howling wilderness, and drain marshy land;
Find grazing for flocks—cultivate by hand.

Heir Bull, the elder, with all the old man's savings,
Built ships which carried labor and tradings;
His brothers sold produce, and found work for the men;
So that settlement and commerce grew then.

ORGANISING INSTITUTIONS—AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Parental friends at home, now, to show their concern,
Resolved to do the youngsters a good turn;
Sent women and clergy to marry and baptize,
Officials to protect and rule so wise.

Such kind acts would not cause them any vexation;
And clerks would raise the cost by taxation.
But boys cried: "No tax without representation;"
So the finest land was lost the nation.

Someone blundered over a cargo of tax'd tea;
Youngsters cried they "would let home fogies see."
A struggle came and they proved their contention,
Britons "made friends," for "Sam beats creation!"

We call them "Uncle Sam"—but, they are our brothers;
One fam'ly—and dearer than all others.
Other "Brits."—like them, are now building nations great;
They see strength in Union—and Federate.

DIFFICULTIES SURMOUNTED—CANADA GAINS SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Some followed Woolf to Quebec—and ousted the French;
Made Canada—withstood Uncle Sam's strength.
But old fogies at home had learned little from Sam,
When Canada's first Government began.

Parliament demanding reforms refused supplies;
Home powers tried to seize cash by surprise
*Papineau led a rebellion. That "did the trick,"
It brought representative gov'ment quick.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND AFRICA.

On points of self-government and Federation,
"Canocks" have shown how to build a nation.
Brits' in Australia have followed their example;
South Afric's Brits' are another sample.

The hist'ry of successful empire building tells:
To let young Brits' alone govern themselves;
To raise their own rev'nue, and spend it as they "ken;"
Children to Manhood grown must act as men.

ASPIRATIONS, PREFERENTIAL DUTIES TOWARDS EMPIRE BUILDING.

The Brits' family of nation builders over sea,
Reach another stage—want more unity;
That preference rates of customs duties be made,
To advance production, commerce and trade.

Britishers at home need more tillers of their soil;
Less hands attracted to their cities' toil.
Impose duties on foreign meat and country stuff;
Admitting Empire produce low enough.

Parcel out large estates for small farmers to till;
Increase their profits to give them good-will.
As even then Home will want of food-stuffs much more,
To Empire produce allow "open door."

Britain's manufacturers need not hesitate,
If young Brits' take their goods at lower rate.
This family compact will check foreign invaders,
And increase and enrich British traders.

Britishers the world o'er have many markets made;
But cunning neighbors, are cribbing their trade.
Young Brits' advise the family interests to foster,
By preference rates of customs for barter.

With U. States, their well-paid labor and enterprise;
Kinsmen whose good will and produce we prize—
Fix recip'ral rates 'tween manufactures and food;
It will go a long way to Britain's good.

Let John Bull in thus raising extra revenue,
Help merchant steamers with British trained crew;
Increase the navy and the seaways well patrol,
And protect commerce in the Empire's roll.

Canada, Australia, Africa, New Zealand;
All sons holding out reciprocal hand,
Say: Give our productions some pref'rence in Britain,
And we will yield to yours pref'rence certain.

A similar standard of living and customs;
The same language and the same ambitions.
Britain's strength lies in union—the power of right,
One family—brothers all—let us unite.

*Papineau was a great reformer, and an earnest and honest man, and this struggle brought about the boon of self-government for the colonies.

UNSEEN POWERS.

(CONTRIBUTED).

Give me the poet's lyre! Help me to sing, esteem,
In praise and adoration of the powers unseen.
Praise Him, who, though not seen, is known in mind to be
Author of all—worlds, time and space, life, land and sea.

With man all deeds first need be done by unseen tact,
The mind directs the brain, then body and limbs act.
Engineers and architects plan and build in thought ;
Then, by artisans and builders, structure is wrought.

Attraction, repulsion—mystic unseen powers—
Guide worlds in defined paths through space as man through
bow'rs.
Atoms are acted on unseen in marv'lous way,
And man's choice in unions is governed by the sway.

Electricity toys with great Niagara's might,
Collects and converts it to heat, power or light,
To use at will for work, or on science attend,
And messages around the world or near to send.

Magnetised, the needle points to north, night or day,
Captains and explorers may by it find safe way
While sun, moon and stars are obscured on seas or lands,
Countless lives and commerce, with charts, are in their hands.

Gravity, unseen, orders matter by its states,
By density and weight objects do find their mates.
Oil floats upon water, gold finds bottom of dish.
Matter, kind and people, find company to wish.

In small and great beyond the compass of the sight—
Microscope, telescope, both disclose unseen might ;
Worlds, systems and space thus, beyond compare, we find,
And diseases' sad havoc comes by unseen kind.

How measure sight and force ? Microbes too small to see
Will kill the strongest man. The North Star seems to be—
But, as its light takes near fifty years to reach—so
May be its light went out about that time ago !

In old times people said : " Seeing is believing,"
" There is naught that has not sight, taste, smell or feeling."
But there be forces, sure, unknown to such senses,
Hidden powers too vast to measure through lenses.

WELCOME TO ADA CROSSLEY.

Welcome! That sweet word—always dear,
Welcome is echoed far and near,
To home once more.
Fair Spring has kept the season's vow;
Her flowers bright, are blooming now,
In bounteous store.

Blue violets in their leafy fold;
The daffodils with crowns of gold,
And stately grace;
Pure lilies, in their sacred pride,
On which the myriad sunbeams glide,
And kiss their face.

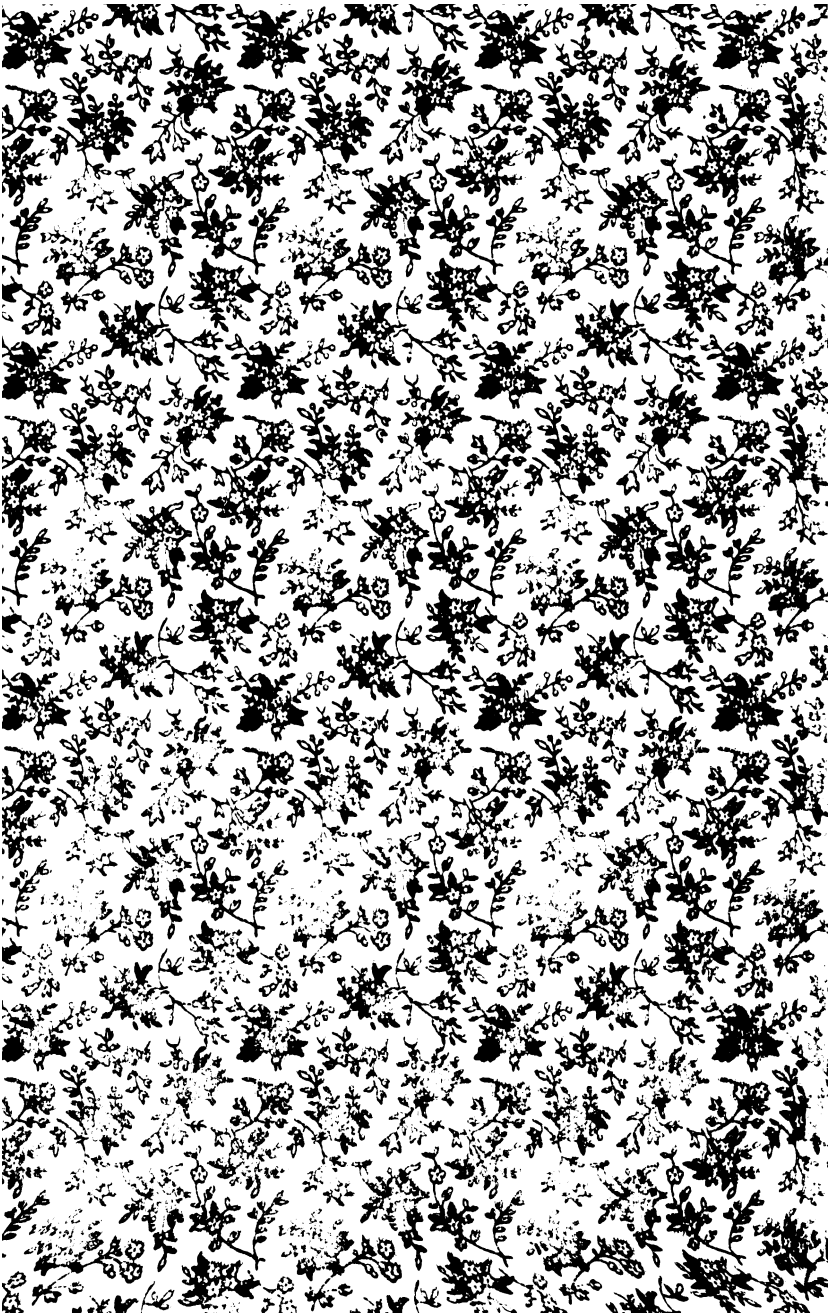
Now beauteous birds o'er paddocks sing;
From wattle boughs, their mirth notes ring,
Sweet, full and clear;
And on the wavelets of the breeze,
Their theme is wafted through the trees,
That we may hear.

Then, onward—where the mosses sleep,
Where lonely bracken ferns do keep,
Guard night and day—
The old creek murmurs a mild song,
To wild flow'rs as it flows along,
With rippling sway.

Welcome again! October's feet,
Have come with buoyant tread to greet,
Her songster queen.
And, in her mellow, golden light,
Her native land awaits her sight,
In garb of green.

POPULAR SONGS.

WORDS BY JOAN TORRANCE.

"Sons of the Southern Sea," ... Music by Joseph Gillott.
(Australia's Martial Song.)
"Babbie" ... ... Music by W. R. Furlong.
"Welcome" (to Lord Hopetoun) do. do.
"By the Cool Creek's Crystal Flow" do. do.

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